BRITANNIA and EVE

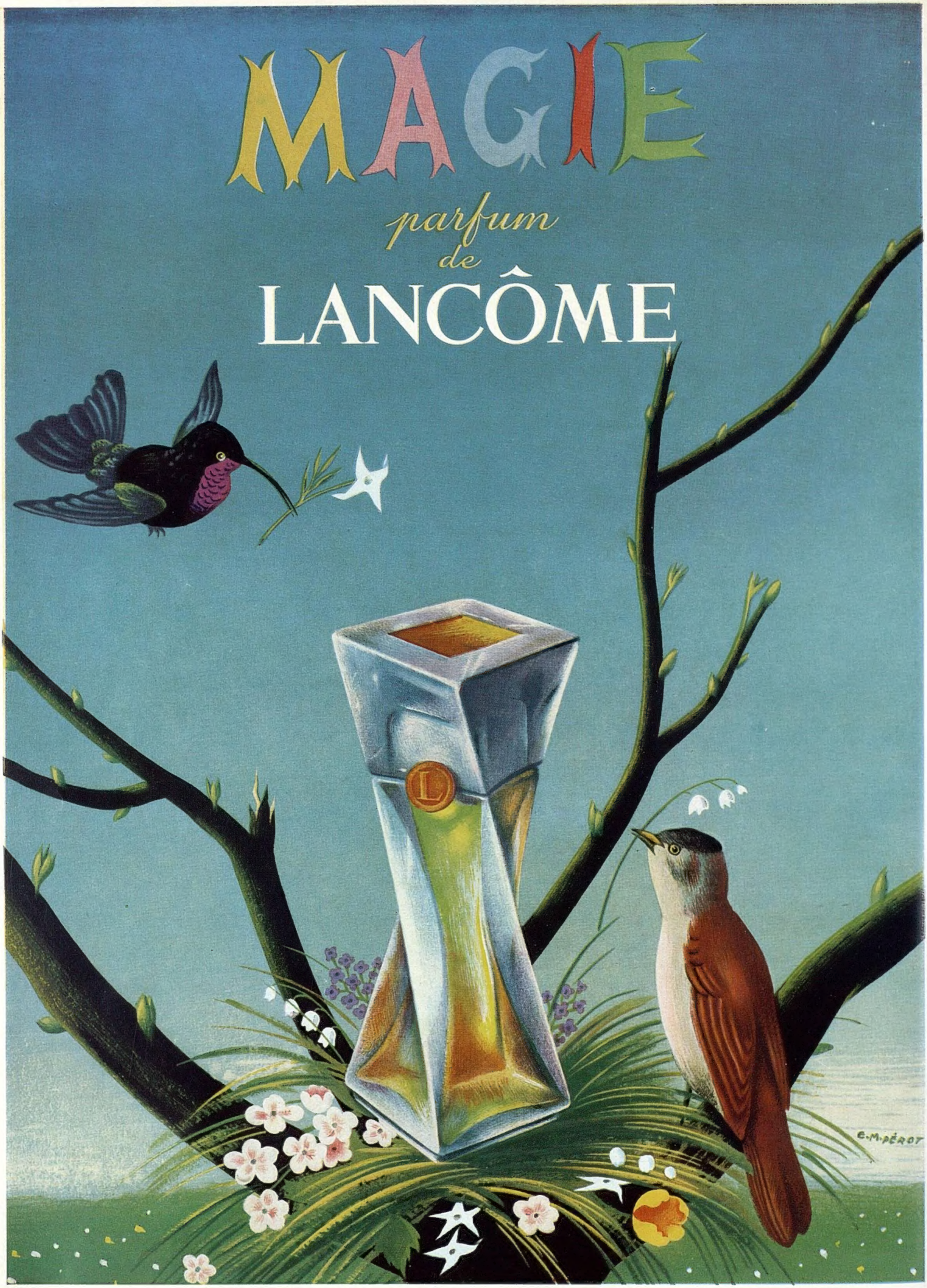
QUEEN ELIZABETH THE SECOND

E II R

PAULINE BAYNES

JUNE, 1953

2/6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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 46 No. 6 JUNE, 1953

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Cover Design St. Edward's Crown by *Pauline Baynes*

Articles

The Crowning Of The Queen 9–12

Portrait Of The Queen
by *Laurie Taylor* 13
(after the photograph by Dorothy Wilding)

The Adornment Of The Queen
Illustration
by *H. Barnet* 14–15 and 66

The Queen's Ladies
by *Gordon Beckles*
Decorations
by *Pauline Baynes* 16–17 and 71

The Queen's Heritage
by *Neil Baran* 18–20

Progress To The Throne 21–24

The Fiery Herald
by *Martin Thornhill* 25 and 88

Queen Victoria's Journal 26–28 and 71–72

The Coronation Story
Part III: Elizabeth Tudor
by *John Herbert*
Illustrations
by *Robert Hodgson* 29–32 and 78–81

London Scene
by *Constance Walsh*
Illustration
by *Lucien Lowen* 33 and 72–74

England's Lonely Waterways
by *Frances Howell* 37 and 74–78

Best Of Souvenirs 38–39

Books:
Reviewed
by *Trevor Allen* 40 and 82–84

In The Gracious Manner 44–45

Gardens Of England 46–47

Would You Like Antiques In Your Home?
by *Stanley Howard*
Illustrations
by *John Lawrence* 48–49 and 78

"Bearded Like The Pard"
by *Alan Brien*
Illustration
by *Lucien Lowen* 50 and 84–86

Curtains Going Up
by *Anna Richardson* 51 and 81

Resort Wear 52–53

Beauty:
by *Chrysis*
Styled To Stay
Illustrations
by *Elizabeth Souter* 54–55

Knitting:
Jigger Jacket 56 and 78
Melon Sleeves 57

The Unruffled Hostess
by *Janet Darby*
Illustrations
by *J. Kirby* 58 and 74

Preparing The Scene 62–64

To Make In An Evening 61

Stories

Pen-friend
by *Yvonne Seager*
Illustrations
by *D. L. Mays* 34–36 and 66–68

Service
by Emery Bonett
Illustrations
by *S. Tresilian* 41–43 and 88

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Never *MAKE* your child eat

Mother — when your child refuses good food at mealtimes, seems mopey and irritable—don't blame the youngster, and certainly don't try to make him eat. So often lack of appetite is simply due to constipation.

The sure, quick way to cleanse the little one's system is 'California Syrup of Figs.' This laxative which contains extracts of both senna and ripe figs is gentle but sure in action; besides, children really love its pleasant taste.

Soon you will find your kiddie's constipation has gone, and the tiresome mood with it—a healthy appetite is back again; it's a joy to have the youngster about the house. Make sure your child is regular, healthy and happy. Buy a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' today (or you can ask for 'Califig' for short) . . . and be sure to look for these registered trade marks on the carton.

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ATTRACTIVE
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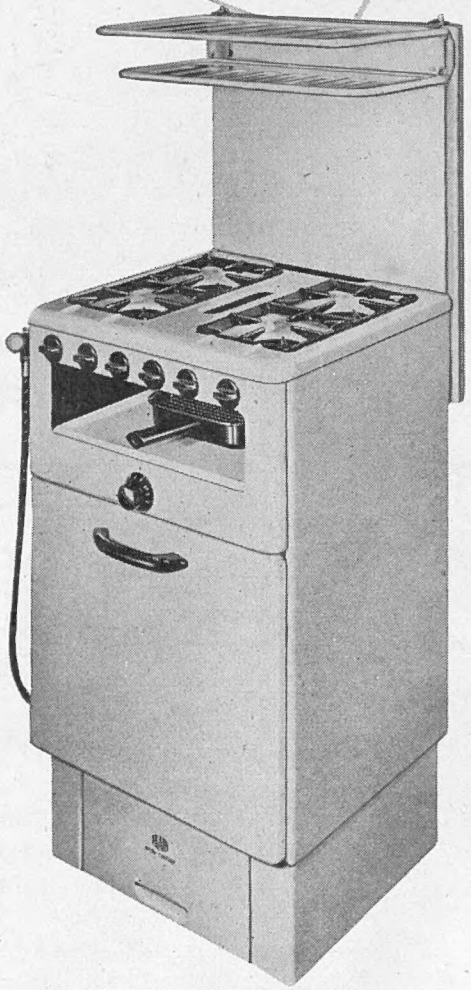

Carefully planned to ensure better cooking . . . in less time . . . with less effort . . . and with less gas!

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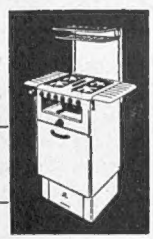

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. . . easing stomach upsets and restoring calm, natural digestion.

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. . . their mild mint flavour appeals to everyone; chew them just like a sweet.

***SO HANDY** for pocket or bag*

. . . nothing bulky to carry; ready at hand, whenever the need arises.

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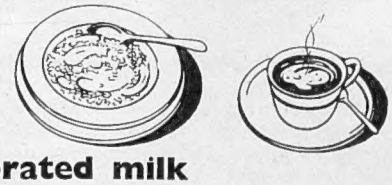

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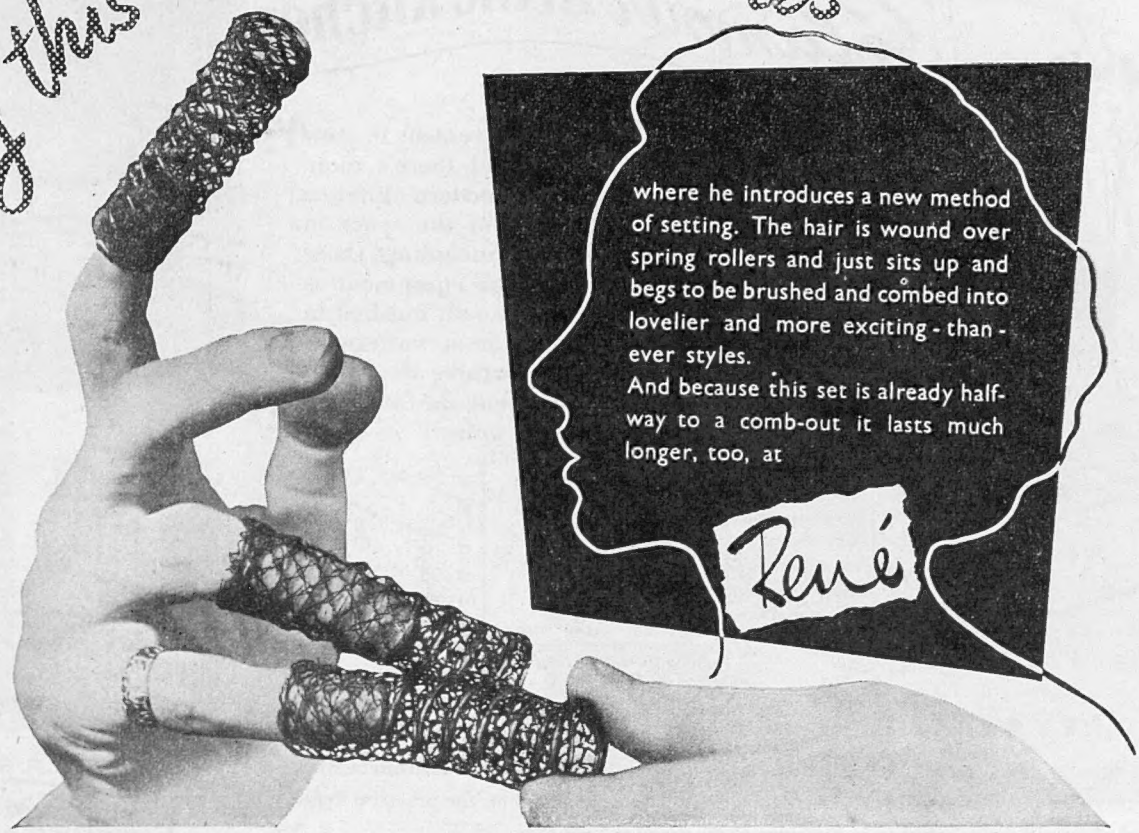

where he introduces a new method of setting. The hair is wound over spring rollers and just sits up and begs to be brushed and combed into lovelier and more exciting-than-ever styles.
And because this set is already half-way to a comb-out it lasts much longer, too, at

René

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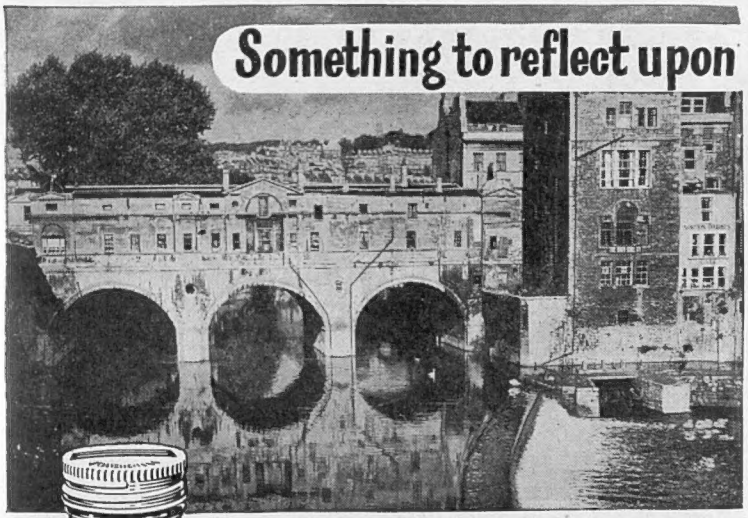
Something to reflect upon



—a reminder of the mirror-like polish that Stephenson's Furniture Cream gives. Experience has proved that nothing is superior to the fine emulsified waxes in Stephenson's for keeping a beautiful surface on good furniture.

Stephenson's FURNITURE CREAM

for a Mirror-like Surface

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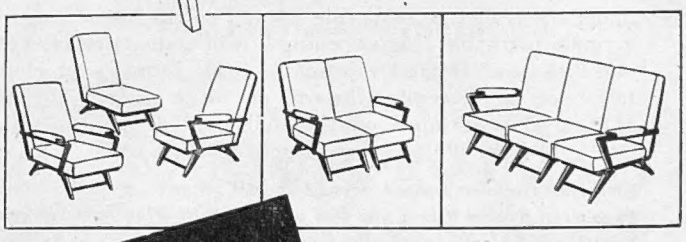
There's a lot to be said for a chair with one arm for working or tea-drinking—in fireside luxury. It's one of the extra joys of the Bristow Model 70 sold with two arms, or one (right or left), or none (for a sewing or nursing chair). This idea lets modern homesters ring a round of useful changes on a very few pieces. Like all Bristow chairs this one has Latex upholstery and non-sag tension springing.

Write for illustrated descriptions of the range stocked by the better stores.



Bristow

The originators of chairs completely upholstered in Latex Foam

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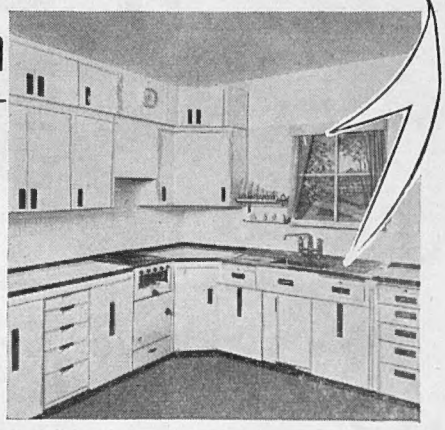
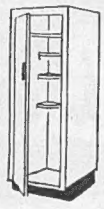
B.E.4

Glamour in the kitchen



Do you feel there's room for improvement in your present kitchen? Then you'll find there's room for Nevastane—the compact, modern kitchen units designed to make full use of the space in any shape or size of kitchen, including those "awkward" corners! Nevastane equipment is constructed of specially-treated wood, finished in sparkling, easy-to-clean enamel in a variety of pleasing colours. Every unit features the latest labour-saving ideas, cutting out that old-fashioned drudgery. Write for full details today!

A popular unit with every housewife. Mixing taps may be fitted if required.

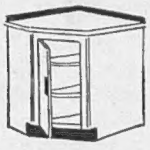


Broom cupboard fitted internally with shaped shelves to accommodate brooms, etc.

Table unit fitted with 5 drawers and cupboard at side with sliding door.

Kitchen table constructed of hardwood, "Formica" top, detachable legs for ease in storage.

Table unit with 3 compartments, centre shelf throughout. 'Formica' top in various colours.



Revolving corner cupboard, a touch of the finger reveals all contents.

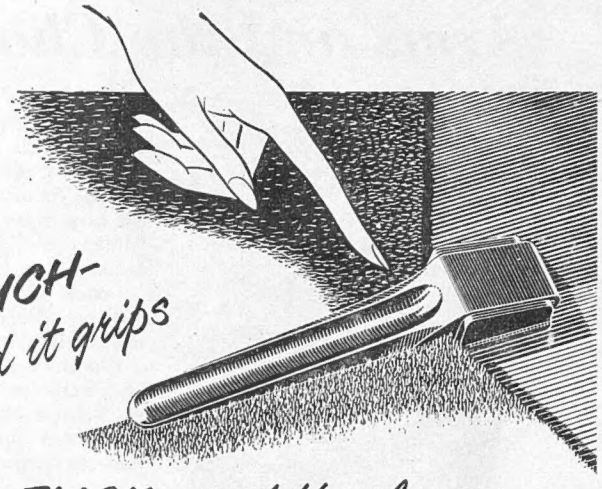
THE NEVASTANE KITCHEN PLANNING SERVICE

Let us help you plan your kitchen on modern lines—simply send in the full measurements to the Nevastane Kitchen Planning Service. Remember, this service is based on the practical experience and ideas of hundreds of ordinary housewives throughout the country.

NEVASTANE *Supreme* KITCHEN EQUIPMENT

NEVASTANE PRODUCTS, 201 HORNSEY ROAD, LONDON, N.7. Telephone: ARCH 2336 & 4562

NO FINER KITCHEN EQUIPMENT



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It's the HYLAND carpet clip which at a touch adjusts itself to any thickness of carpet. It gives a firm but gentle pressure that keeps your carpet looking trimly tailor-made however many times feet go scurrying up and down. Not a bulge, not a ripple mars that long sweeping line of your stairway. Yet . . . one flick, and Hyland releases its hold. Sturdy, yet elegant, fashioned in Florentine bronze or white metal. The name HYLAND is stamped on the underside of each one. Look for it to be sure of getting HYLAND.

** No. 1120 Florentine Bronzed Hyland Clip* **5'9** *per pair. * No. 1120 Polished White Metal finished Hyland Clip* **6'3** *per pair. * No. 1140 Florentine Bronzed Junior Clip* **2'4** *per pair. * No. 1250 Florentine Bronzed Huntland Clip* **2'2** *per pair*

HYLAND *-the world's finest carpet clip*

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- **Sprays an average-sized room (1,000 cu. ft.) in 5 secs.**

Don't give disease-carrying flies a chance to pollute your food—kill them on sight *instantly* with a FLIT Aerosol. It costs only 7/6. Larger size 12/6.

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A gracious welcome to your guests

20/- bottle · 10/6 half bottle

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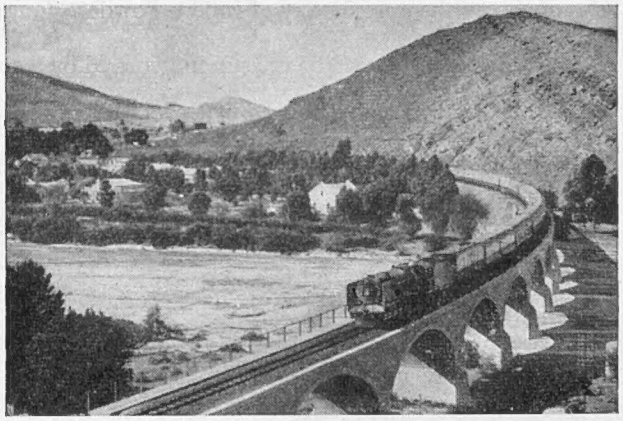

Travellers and holiday-makers will find a visit to this fascinating country greatly facilitated by the South African Railways Travel Department in London which provides helpful information, plans tours and attends to all travel details. Sea and air passages to South Africa can also be arranged and tickets issued to cover every phase of travel in the Union. Let experts advise you where to go and what to see.

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The nerve of some people . . . and a good thing, too !

It's no secret that people perspire. Everyone does to some degree. Yes, even you! Perspiration evaporates quickly from most of the body, but not from under the arms. So it goes stale. It soils and spoils your clothes. Worst of all, it leaves that tell-tale odour you, yourself, may not notice, but others certainly will.

A daily bath isn't enough. Talcum powder isn't enough. Perfume isn't enough. Only an effective deodorant *and* anti-perspirant like Odo-Ro-No gives you complete under-arm protection — not for seconds, not for minutes, but for the full 24 hours.

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- Checks perspiration safely
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- Never irritates normal skin
- Will not rot fabrics
- Stays creamy always

IN JARS 1/6 and 2/5

Most cream for your money

HANDY SPRAY 3/9

New quick-drying formula

Use **ODO·RO·NO** daily and be sure of yourself

Exquisite sheets, pillowcases and towels by

Horrockses

the Greatest Name in Cotton

THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

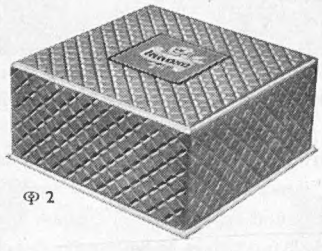
CHANEL

'Yes, you're perfectly lovely!'

... lovely because you have been wise enough to choose the pure flattery of Innoxa Powder. Journey confidently towards the sun, unworried by fear of make-up stale and clogged by travel. Innoxa powder, fine, pure and fragrant, will make and keep you freshly lovely for hours and hours.

Innoxa

OF LONDON



Innoxa Face Powder is 6/- — or, if you prefer the new 'packet petite' 4/2 at the best Cosmetic Counters. In the Innoxa range there are two new season's creations Pink Pearl (for the fair skinned) and Rose Petal (for the darker skinned)

Salon Treatments, Make-up and Consultations at

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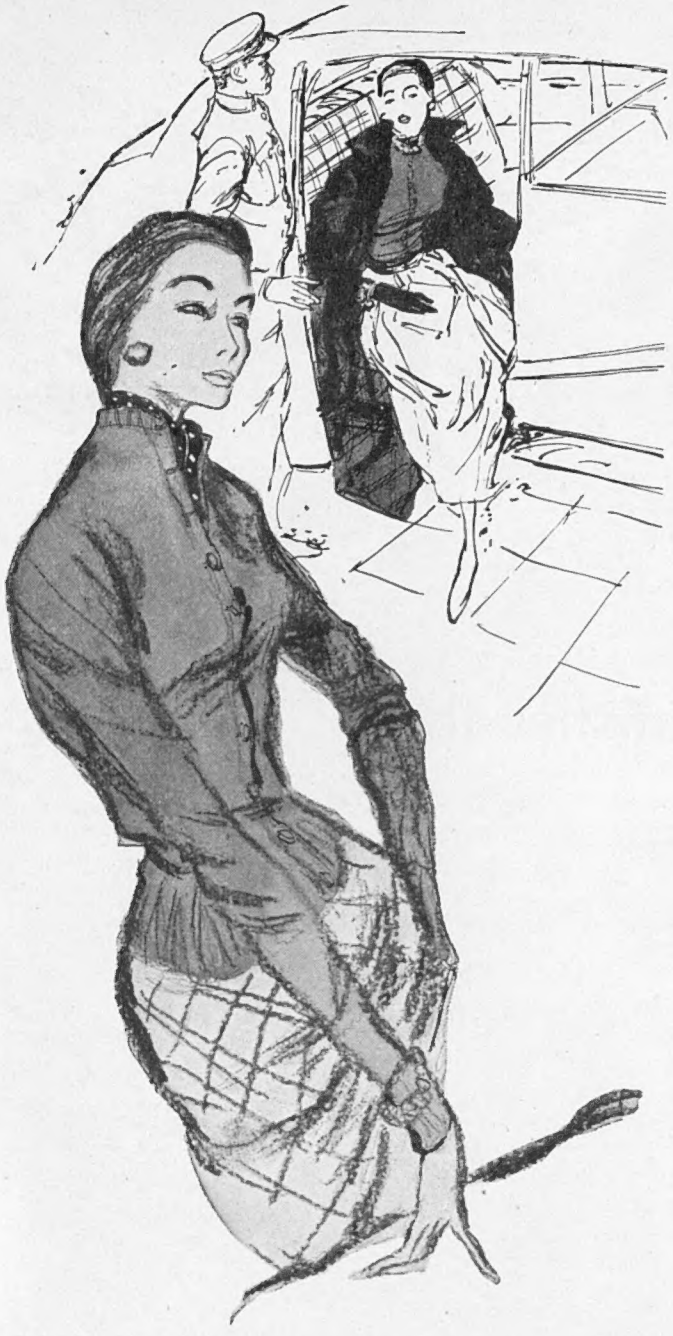


Two-act play

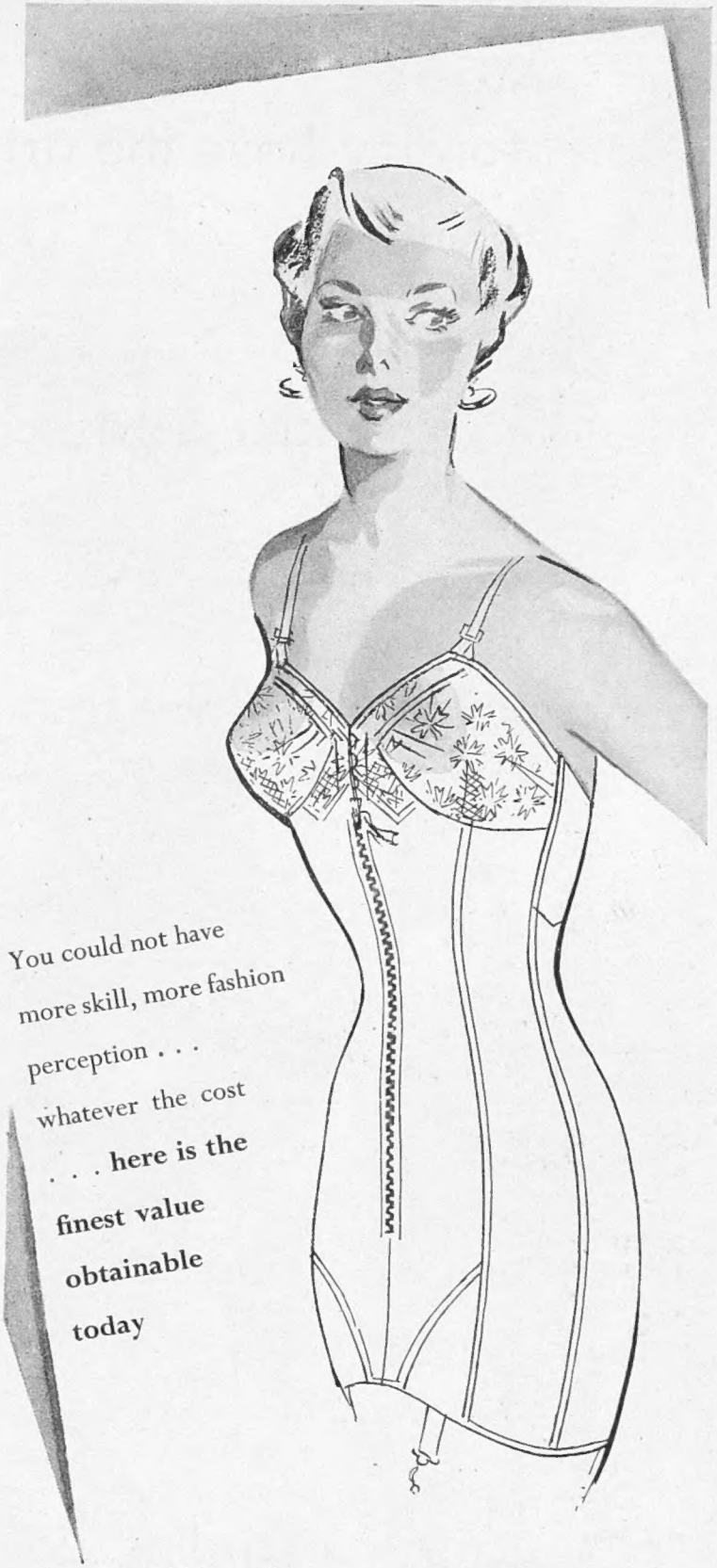
Congratulations to the girl who takes a Braemar sweater as the one star in her wardrobe and makes it sparkle like a constellation! She knows the eloquence of stark simplicity will speak well of her fashion sense in town or country roles. She knows the calculated emphasis of daring or demure accessories will stage her Braemar for a life that is a two-act play.

The fine soft feel, the perfect finish—both inside and out—mark every Braemar as *authentic* to your hand and eye. And happy thought! There are actually *more* Braemars about for all those smart girls who seek them. Smooth worsted Botany, Lambswool, and—whisper it—some spun silk, too, in colours that are muted, or vivid as Coronation day.

There are Braemar twin-sets on sale now costing as little as five pounds. When you remember the brilliant versatility of a Braemar you know that a purchase is an investment to delight you for a long, long time.

BRAEMAR

BRAEMAR KNITWEAR LIMITED, HAWICK, SCOTLAND



You could not have more skill, more fashion perception . . . whatever the cost . . . **here is the finest value obtainable today**

Luxurious, beautifully designed Satin Corselet with centre zip and plunge back, for the full figure. Uplift bust in Lace. Elastic back. Tea Rose and White. Sizes 34 in. to 44 in. No. 04931. **87/6**

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WRITE FOR THE NEW TWILFIT FOLDER

Only Yardley have the art of

blending lavender as a richer, more

concentrated essence that satisfies the

smart woman. She loves its supreme

freshness and fragrance. She knows

Yardley Lavender lasts longer and

is therefore a charming economy.

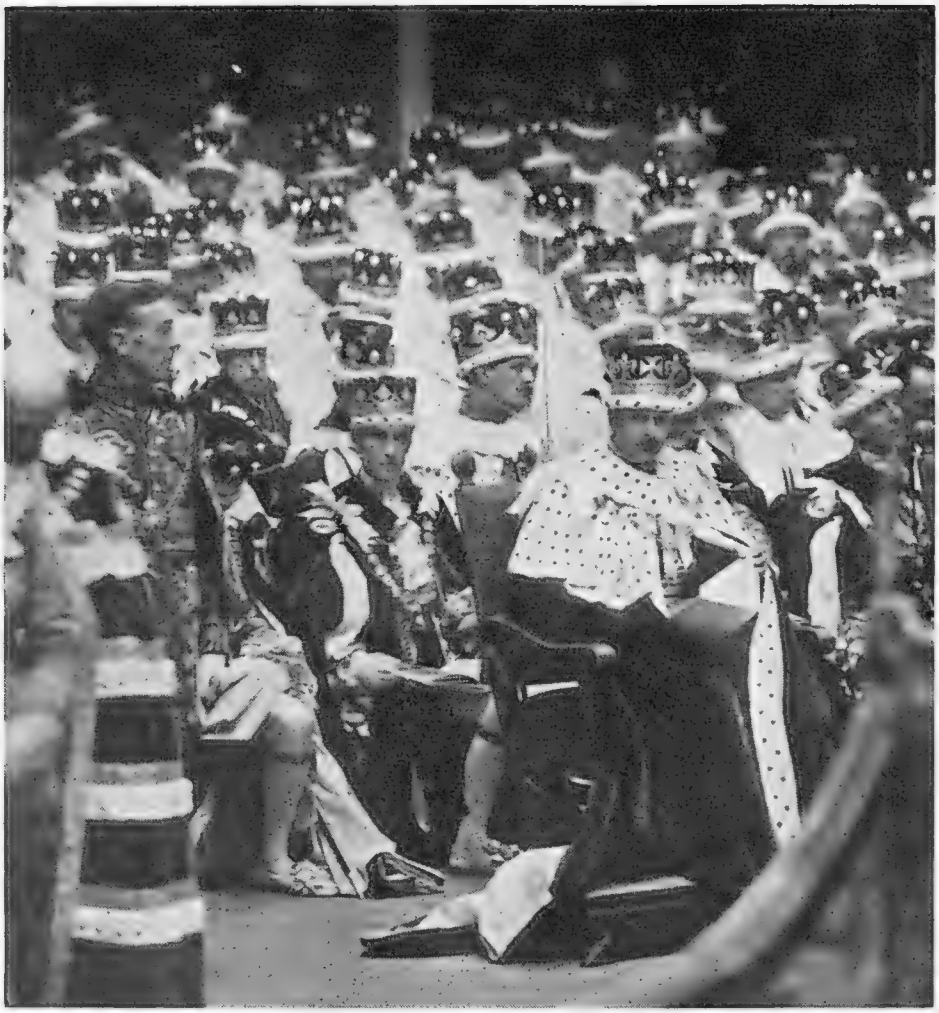
The Crowning of the Queen

The seat of Kings for six centuries

THE pageantry and splendour begins when at ten twenty-four o'clock in the morning Her Majesty leaves the Palace with her Consort in the State Coach, the gilded wonder which might have been designed for Cinderella. The coach is drawn by four pairs of postillion-driven Windsor Greys and, amidst the scarlet and gold of the Sovereign's Escort of cavalry, it passes in majestic rhythm down the Mall towards Whitehall and the Collegiate Church of St. Peter, Westminster, England's National shrine which we know as Westminster Abbey.

Through Admiralty Arch and towards the Abbey

Inside



Peers and coronets at the Coronation of King George VI. The Duke of Gloucester is in the foreground

A peer's page

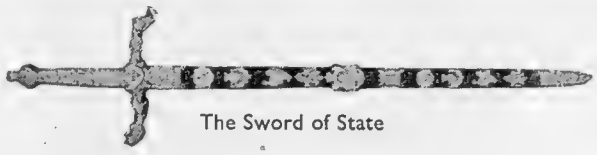
AGAINST the ancient stone of the Abbey interior the gleam of blue and silver drapery round the great galleries catches the light and adds one more jewel of colour to the rippling flood of scarlet where the assembled peers await their Sovereign.

From the great West Door she passes up the Nave led by the Royal Chaplains and dignitaries of the Church, the Dean and Prebendaries of Westminster. After, come the Pursuivants of the College of Arms, the Officers of the Orders of Knighthood, the Standard Bearers and Knights of the Garter, followed by the Ministers and Bishops and the Regalia Bearers.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of All England, who crowns the Queen

The Archdeacon and Sub-Dean of Westminster carry the crowns for King George VI's Coronation

the Abbey

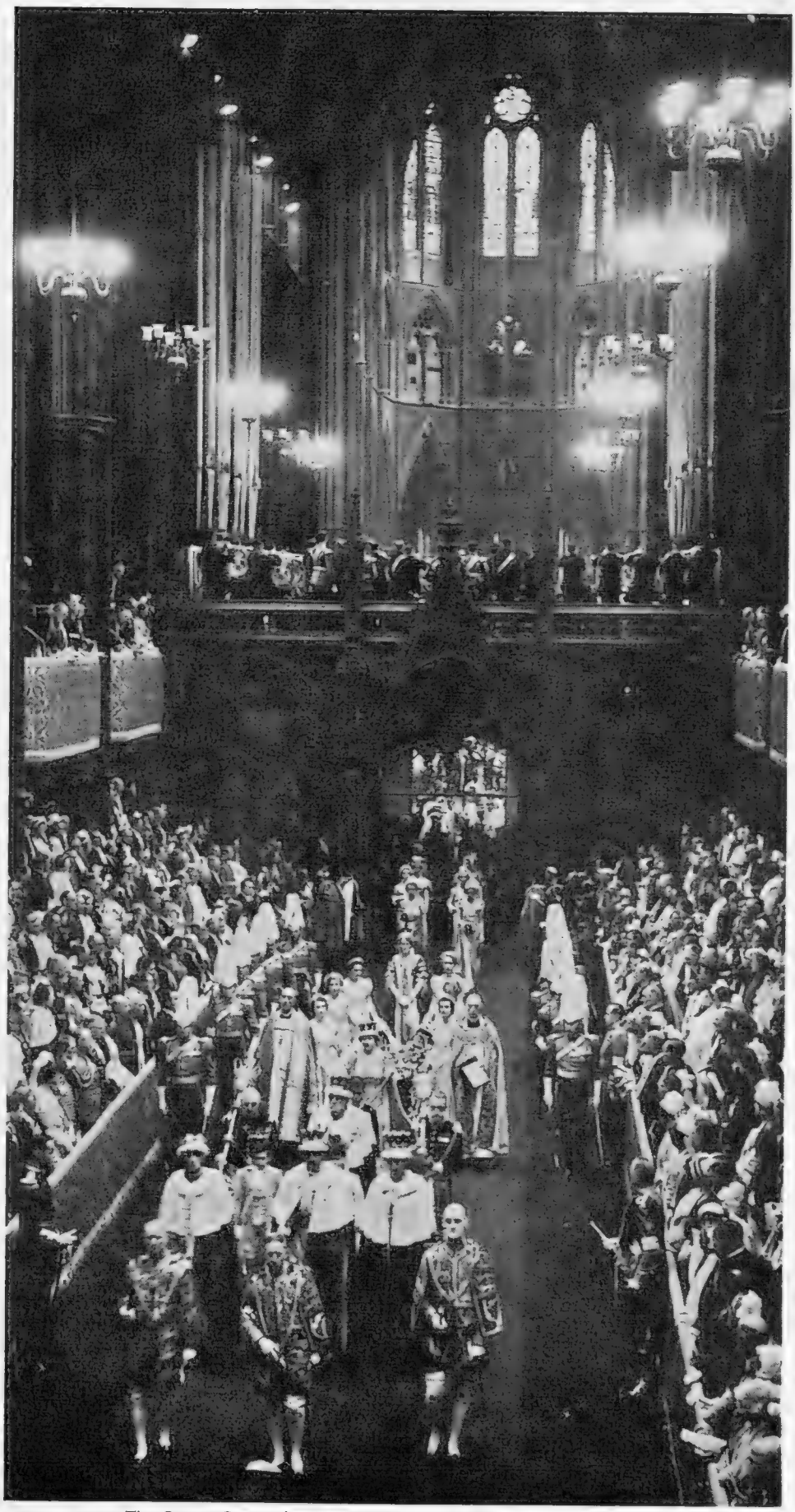


The Sword of State

Her Majesty's scarlet Robe of State stabs with a sharper brilliance the muted colouring of the ecclesiastical robes on either side. In quiet majesty the retinue moves towards the great Theatre below the High Altar, the sweet voices of the choir singing the anthem "I Was Glad" rise and tremble in the stillness. She is enthroned upon the Chair of Estate and, as the anthem dies the Archbishop of Canterbury's voice is heard proclaiming :

"Queen Elizabeth, your undoubted Queen: wherefore All you who are come this day to do your homage and Service, Are you willing to do the same?"

The Dean of Westminster in the crimson cope made for the Coronation of Charles II

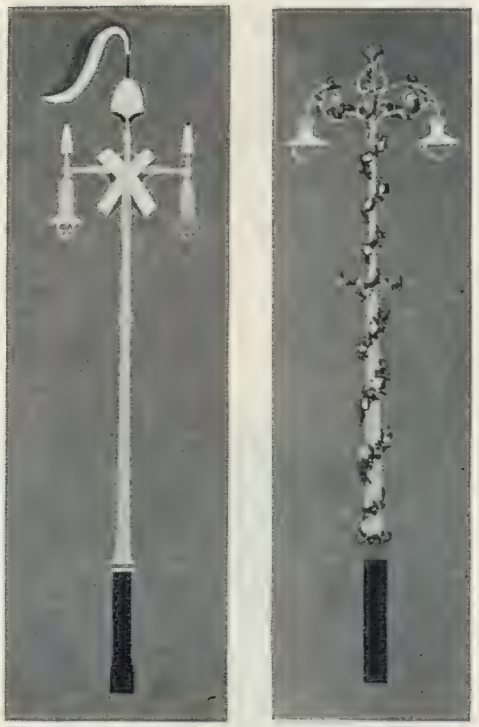


The Queen Consort's retinue follows that of King George VI passing through the nave of Westminster Abbey after the Coronation

Long May She Reign

Heraldic devices in tones of gold on a black framework designed for Whitehall by Christopher and Robin Ironside

Lamp-posts in blue and scarlet and lilac for London's streets



WHILE the long hours of solemn ritual pass, the throngs outside the Abbey doors await the appearance of their Crowned Queen. She comes at last to ride in the golden coach with her husband through the streets of her capital which have been decorated to do her honour.

Sir Hugh Casson, the presiding genius of the South Bank Festival Exhibition, and his team of designers have been entrusted with the street décor for the Boroughs of Westminster and Marylebone through which the procession passes, and London's sombre stone has blossomed with fantastic motifs which give the official lead to the flags and buntings, the coloured lights and the flowering window-boxes which represent the massed tribute of the Queen's private subjects.

A Maypole in the Strand

Royal Coat of Arms in Oxford Circus

An exclusive reproduction of the painting of Her Majesty by Laurie Taylor

The Adornment

THE richly embroidered robes and fabulous jewelled regalia which will be used at the Coronation are of deep historical and spiritual significance and great intrinsic beauty.

The Coronation is actually performed with the Crown of St. Edward, the great gold crown enriched with rows of pearls and rosettes of diamonds enclosing rubies, emeralds and sapphires, which was made originally for Charles II. The weight of this crown is so great, however, that it cannot be worn, especially by a woman, for very long. For the conclusion of the ceremony and for the triumphant return journey to the Palace, the Queen will wear

the Imperial Crown, or Crown of State.

The Imperial Crown is not as old as the State Crown but it contains many more precious stones and is more elaborately worked. The setting is of platinum and the four branches are composed of a delicate oak leaf design, each leaf of diamonds holding an acorn composed of a single pearl. Although the crown itself is Victorian, it contains some of the oldest and most romantic of the Crown jewels. The large, irregular ruby in the front is the Black Prince's ruby which was worn by his descendant, Henry V, at Agincourt and the four (*Continued on page* 66)

Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton
Lady Jane Vane-Tempest-Stewart
E II R
Lady Anne Coke
Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill
PAULINE BAYNES

The Queen's Ladies

By

GORDON BECKLES

GROUPED around the Queen in the Abbey for the Coronation will be her six Maids-of-Honour, her Mistress of the Robes and the Ladies and Women of the Bedchamber.

In dresses of embroidered gold they are designed to form a decorative frame for the Queen.

Yet they will be more than framework—they will be a symbol, a reminder that a reigning Queen is at Buckingham Palace again for the first time in over half a century.

That is why such curiosity is shown at the Queen's choice of the women who will be her companions, with whom she will travel, with whom she will conduct her daily affairs and from whom she must derive much information about public taste and feeling. It is from the picturesquely named Ladies and Women of the Bedchamber that the Queen's ladies-in-waiting are selected.

Yet these women around the Queen are a reminder of something else.

Since last a Queen sat on the Throne, woman has won the vote, women sit in Parliament, a woman is one of the Queen's Ministers; yet the Royal households are still almost a hundred per cent male establishments, even to the four political appointments made by the Government of the day.

It may well be that it is in this direction that the inevitable changes which mark each reign may be made. For every Sovereign in turn has influenced the kind of life led at Court to some degree, and so influenced the tastes and standards and fashions in dress and pleasure of the country.

Some changes have been trivial, some have involved upheaval. After the last reigning Queen took her first look at Buckingham Palace in 1837 she ranged from bringing down the Government through her refusal to change her Ladies of the Bedchamber, to making the waltz fashionable with "nice" people. King Edward VII brought back the evening presentations for débutantes which Queen Victoria had abandoned, while King George V and Queen Mary's first move was to revise the list of persons having *entrée* to Court circles. What changes King Edward VIII might have made is a matter for anyone's guess, but in his brief tenure they were comprehensive enough to make many tremble.

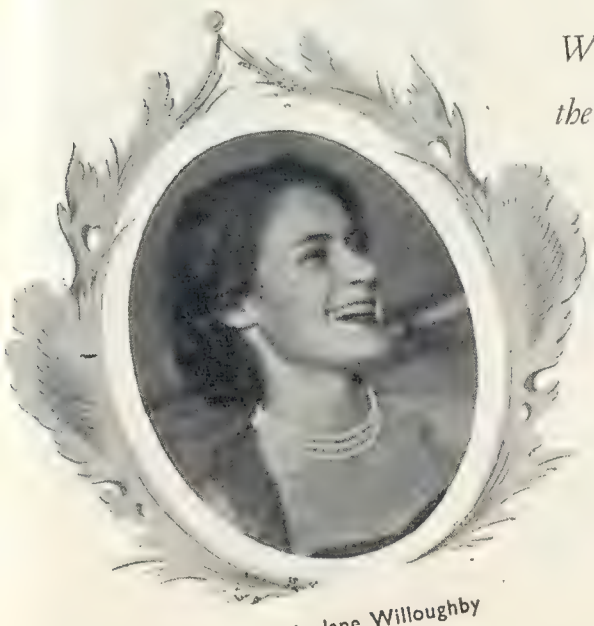
Tradition is still the bedrock of Court life, so one must examine what history has to tell a new Queen.

TAKE the Mistress of the Robes, the principal woman at the Palace, and who is traditionally a duchess. At the Coronation the office will be held by the Dowager Duchess of Devonshire, who recently succeeded the Dowager Duchess of Northumberland, whose services had been lent by the Queen Mother.

As far as the historian knows, the office was the invention of Sarah Churchill, the first Duchess of Marlborough. She had been made Groom of the (*Continued on page* 71)

Who are the women surrounding the Throne, and how can they influence the Queen?

DECORATIONS
BY
PAULINE BAYNES



Lady Jane Willoughby

Lady Moyra Hamilton

THE QUEEN'S

Some of the inheritances of the British monarchy have almost lost their origins in the mists of time and remain to us only as quaint reflections of the distant past

By Neil Baran

IN this Coronation year, it is hard to remember that for much of their history the British people have been at odds with their Sovereigns. They branded the beautiful Saxon Queen Elgiva on the face with red-hot irons, and chopped off the head of the handsome Stuart King Charles I. They pelted the Hanoverian George III with mud, and caricatured the gay King Edward VII in their comic magazines.

There have been kings of England who could only speak French, like William the Conqueror, and kings who could only speak German like the first George. There have been kings who took the throne from the children of their elder brother, like King Alfred and King John. There have been kings who had no blood claim to the Crown at all, like Henry IV.

Yet today the succession of the Royal Family is safer and more secure than ever before. Despite the age of the common man, the Crown is still the formal seat of all honour and power in the kingdom.

According to our Constitution, the Sovereign can still do no wrong and can never die. No lapse of time can deprive the Queen of any right her fathers possessed which she has not voluntarily given up. No Act of Parliament binds her unless she decrees it. She is never an infant. Once she is on the throne, whatever her age, she is fully a Queen with all the attendant rights and duties.

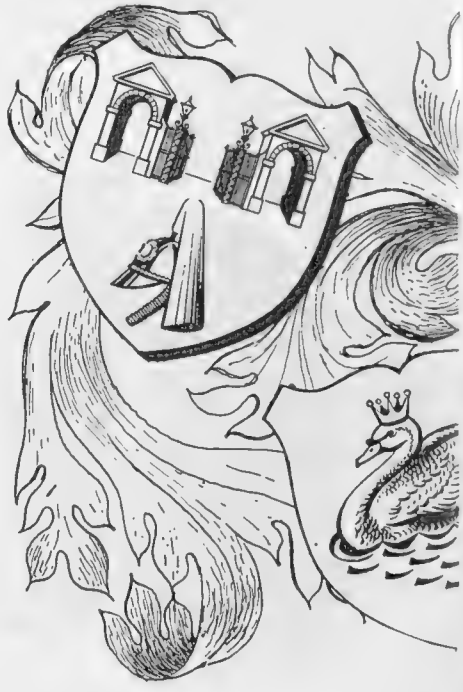
Many of her traditional powers remain only in theory. She appoints Ministers, dismisses Parliament, creates peers, pardons criminals and ratifies treaties. But, in fact, all these prerogatives are only exercised on the advice of the Prime Minister.

NEVERTHELESS Queen Elizabeth II continues to accept personally a large number of strange rights and age-old privileges.

The Ministry of Food, for example, cannot impound for the national larder any sturgeon caught round the coasts of Britain without offering them to the Queen. All sturgeon are royal fish, except those found between the Pool and London Bridge which are the property of the Constable of the Tower, and those between London Bridge and the Temple Stairs which belong to the Lord Mayor. In recent months several have been offered to the Queen and accepted. It is not so well known that all whales found on the shores of this country are also the Sovereign's property. According to tradition the King gets the head and the Queen the tail.

All unmarked wild white swans on the River Thames are the Queen's birds. The others on the Thames belong either to the Vintners' Company and are marked on the beak with one nick, or to the Dyers' and are marked with two. Each year a survey of the swans is carried out by the watermen of these companies and the new birds are marked while the Queen's Swan Keeper looks on.

Despite the fact that one King of England, Henry I, died after eating too many lampreys, this indigestible, eel-like fish, when caught in the River Severn is also part



Heritage

of the royal heritage. Since Norman times the lamprey pie from Gloucester has been the King's dish. Queen Victoria on her Diamond Jubilee received one and so did Edward VII on his Coronation. This month the High Sheriff will travel to London with a newly baked pie for Queen Elizabeth.

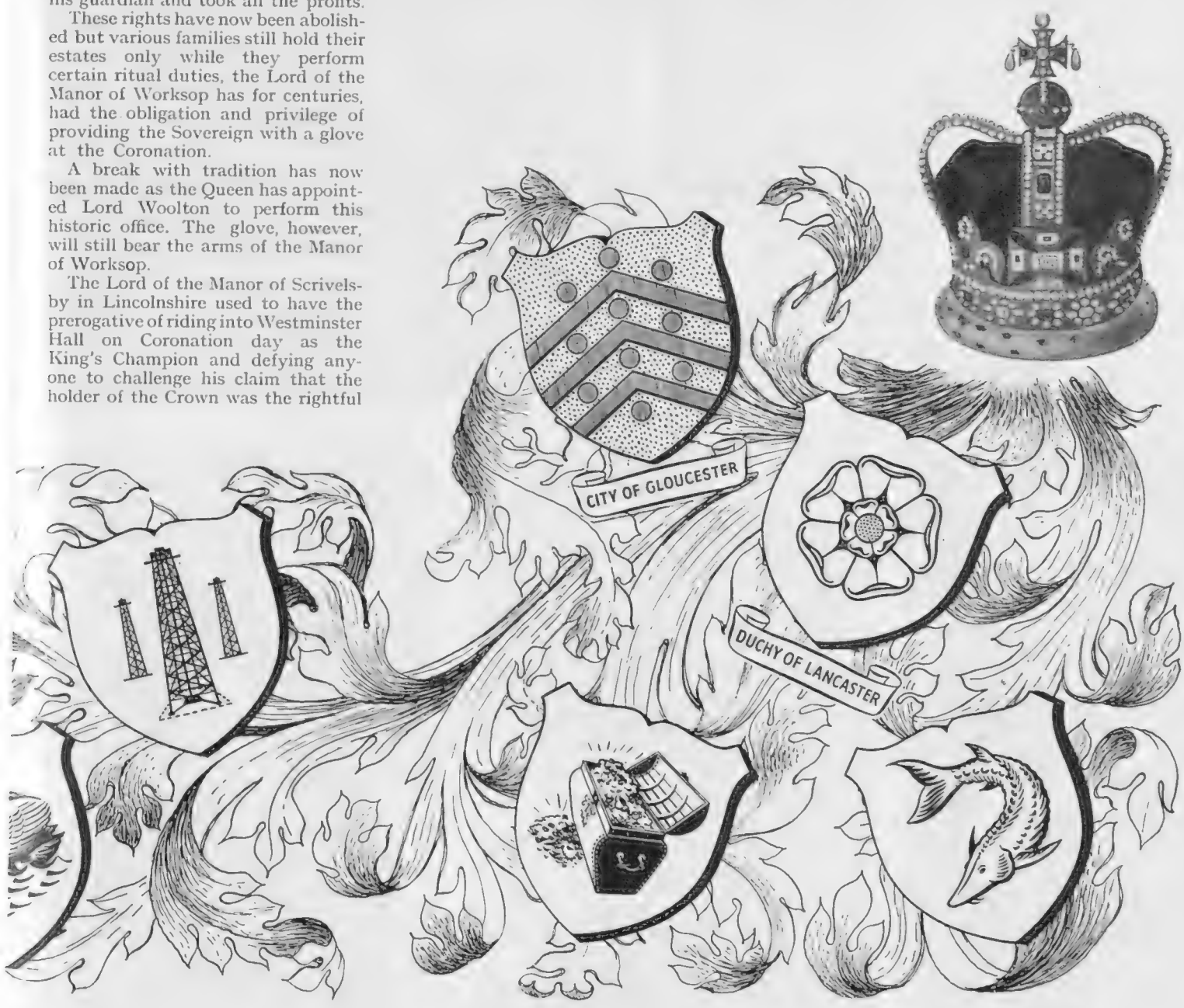
IN feudal days the King was the lord paramount of all the land and his tenants-in-chief held their land on condition that they carried out various duties. One of these conditions of tenure was Knight Service. This meant that the tenants had irksome services to perform. They had to defray the expenses of making the King's eldest son a knight. They also had to ransom the King when necessary and actually did so when Richard the Lionheart was captured. If the tenant's land was left to an infant heir, the King became his guardian and took all the profits.

These rights have now been abolished but various families still hold their estates only while they perform certain ritual duties, the Lord of the Manor of Worksop has for centuries, had the obligation and privilege of providing the Sovereign with a glove at the Coronation.

A break with tradition has now been made as the Queen has appointed Lord Woolton to perform this historic office. The glove, however, will still bear the arms of the Manor of Worksop.

The Lord of the Manor of Scrivelsby in Lincolnshire used to have the prerogative of riding into Westminster Hall on Coronation day as the King's Champion and defying anyone to challenge his claim that the holder of the Crown was the rightful Sovereign. The first man to do this was Robert de Marmion at William the Conqueror's request. The service was last performed at the Coronation of George IV. As a compensation for the loss of this privilege, the present incumbent of the Manor will be allowed to carry the Standard of England in the Abbey procession.

The Queen has still the formal right to the profits of any episcopal see which is vacant, but these now go to the Church Commissioners. The Crown Lands, too, are now managed by the Crown Commissioners. The net revenue from them, in the year ending April, 1950, was £650,000, but each monarch now has to surrender personally the interest in them in return for the Civil List. This property includes the ancient demesne lands and all those subsequently acquired by the owners'



The Queen's Heritage

The Imperial Crown of England made for Queen Victoria

dying intestate without heirs, most of the foreshore between high water and low water marks, and any new land formed by alluvion and the disappearance of covering waters.

LAND passes into the keeping of the Crown Commissioners in many strange ways. On one occasion a family fell foul of a witch, so the story goes, who cursed them saying that they would all Die by Fire and Die by Water. It was an enormous family so they laughed the threat off. Nevertheless disasters at sea and infernos on land gradually destroyed them all and the witch was instrumental in handing over a large slice of land to the Crown.

King George VI's Civil List was settled at £410,000. This was divided into £110,000 for the Privy Purse, £134,000 for salaries of the Royal Household, £153,000 for Household expenses and £13,200 for Royal Bounty and Alms. In return the Sovereign gives all the revenues known as *Bona Vacantia* which include some interesting medieval survivals.

All wrecks were the personal property of the Crown—a wreck being defined as any ruined ship from which no human being or living creature escaped alive. Today the owners are entitled to all the goods found if they claim within a year. These valuables are divided into *flotsam* (anything found floating near the shore) *jetsam* (anything thrown overboard but not floating) and *ligan* (anything tied to a buoy). Finders are now commanded to deliver these goods to the district receiver.

Treasure trove, too, goes entirely to the Crown. This is any gold, silver, coin or plate which has been hidden in secret for a long time and is discovered without an owner. A coroner and jury must decide whether any find is treasure trove or not, and the full value is now usually given to the finder.

Waifs were another source of profit to the Crown in the Middle Ages. But these were not abandoned children, as some rather superficial commentators have supposed, but goods thrown away by a criminal in his flight from justice. They went to the King in order to punish the owner for not taking more vigorous steps to prosecute the thief.

THE King has always through history insisted on the right to coin all the money to ensure that only he could do this, all the gold and silver in British mines was also declared to be his property. Thus prospectors searching for base metals often found that after spending a lot of money on a lead mine, it would be confiscated because gold was also discovered there. People ceased to dig mines and Acts of Parliament under William III and George III had to be passed exempting base metals. Few people realize that this power of the Crown is still being extended and by the Petroleum Act of 1934 all petroleum existing in a natural state, and the exclusive right of extracting it, is now vested in the Crown.

Never has any British sovereign been so passionately worshipped as Queen Elizabeth II is today, although there may be carpers with adding machines instead of hearts who mutter about the exorbitant cost of monarchy and the expensive ritual of the Coronation.

But any knowledge of history would show them that our Royal Family has surrendered far more in real wealth in their Crown Lands and Hereditary Revenues, than we pay them in the inflated currency of 1953. Anyway, there are some values which cannot be estimated in pounds and shillings. Every age and every nation, every regiment and every football club, must have its symbol which could not be bought for any price. The Royal Family are to the mass of Britons the living symbol of an ancient people emerging from the valley of the shadow into the inspiring sunlight of a new age. The men and women of our country are the Queen's greatest and most precious heritage.

END

Progress to the Throne

IN the dawn of a cold April morning in 1926 a baby girl was born to the Duke and Duchess of York. She was Elizabeth Alexandra Mary. Few suspected that the little daughter of the reigning Sovereign's second son was the future Queen of England. But so it was. Twenty-seven years have passed and the child—once the fourth lady in the land—has become its first and most beloved.

1. Two years old. An early picture of the baby whom few had thought of as the future Queen.
2. At ten years old with her sister at the sixth birthday party of the young Master of Carnegie.
3. A few months before the war and her thirteenth birthday, the Princess attends a society wedding.
4. A wartime picture at Windsor where the Princess and her sister took daily rides in the Great Park.
5. The future Queen, now eighteen years old, changes a wheel. Doing her stint in the A.T.S.

TO the people who now acclaim her, the unfolding of the young Queen's story has had some of the quality of a fairy-tale. It began with the curly-headed baby who grew into the natural little girl and ultimately became the quiet but sweetly-smiling adolescent.

Thus far her progress could be said to have been placidly normal and unspectacular. Even the title of Heir Presumptive, after her father's succession, gave no hint of the potentialities behind the personality of the young Princess. But happiness in her personal life—the romance which captured the imagination of the world—no less than a deepening awareness of the stupendous task to which she had been called, transformed the quiet girl into a woman of radiant assurance and of such obvious sincerity of purpose that the nation's heart goes out to her in true homage both as a Queen and as a woman.

6. With her father and Princess Margaret during three days' holiday in the game and flower sanctuary during the arduous South African tour. 7. The most radiant of Royal brides. The whole world warmed to her obvious happiness when she married the Duke of Edinburgh on Nov. 20, 1947. 8. Marriage and her fast-accelerating public duties brought an increasing poise and an ever-increasing popularity. **Right :** The visit to Paris.

9

10

Progress to the Throne

11

9. Two enchanting babies came to crown the happiness of the young Royal couple and to transform Clarence House into a real home.
10. Came the tragic return from Kenya and this picture of the sad and lonely little figure who, overnight, had inherited and lost so much.
11. Passing through the Peers' Gallery after the first State Opening of Parliament in 1952—an ordeal which the young Queen carried off with miraculous poise and dignity.

12. The girl Princess has become the girl Queen, and the grace and promise of the formative years have reached their blooming. This picture in the first months of her reign was taken at Great Ormond Street Hospital for Children.
13. Young and appealing yet regal beyond her years. Her Majesty's first visit to Scotland after her accession.
14. Smilingly at ease as she leaves the home of one of her subjects on a tour of a new housing estate, closely inspected and plainly admired by the daughter of the house.
15. The first big party of her reign when she entertained the Commonwealth Prime Ministers at Buckingham Palace.

The Fiery Herald

By

Martin Thornhill

The chain of beacon fires, once a vital link in England's alarm system, will this time be ignited to celebrate the Coronation of our Queen.

An Old Beacon, OR Standing Lamp.

The cresset replaced the old brushwood beacon fire, and was an iron basket filled with tow and faggots saturated with pitch. The person whose job it was to watch and trim the lamp did not ascend by a ladder, but by climbing the pole hand and foot by means of the projections on each side.

MONTHS of preparation, organisation and historical research will end when, on the night of June 2, a chain of beacon fires throughout Britain is touched off to celebrate the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. Simultaneously cliff-top sites and famous inland peaks will blaze where the red glares of old sprang forth to spread, not then a message of good cheer, but the warning of invasion—" cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire."

" From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay " the hill-top fires formed vital links in England's alarm system in the dark days of the Armada. Alfred had used them earlier, and many rulers before him. For the responsibility of maintaining and implementing the only method then known of mobilising the country's defences against assault from the sea was initially vested in the Sovereign.

And how swiftly this fiery herald could, in fact, fly was shown again when the first beacon was fired at the ancient site on Malvern Hill at Queen Victoria's Jubilee. Within seven minutes the signal had travelled to Skiddaw in the Lake District. Macaulay wrote of this link in the beacon chain : " Twelve counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height." Beacon practice had been in use so long that it was near to perfection by the time of the Armada tension. Chronicles of the period recorded with a tinge of pride that the entire country could be alerted within a day and a night.

THIS was made possible by mobilisation procedure which was no less efficient than the beacon technique. Coastal territory was split up into small portions, each in the charge of permanent local defenders, all of whom knew their posts as well as they knew their own homes. It was usual to measure the invasion threat by the number of ships that had been sighted. The cliff-top fires alerted the men who lived in the maritime regions and, if the danger were accounted a major one, hill-crest beacons would carry the warning to inland areas, whence men rushed to reinforce the coastal defence.

Each beacon bore its own especial message, and if the need warranted it, men from Mercia could be summoned to the help of East Anglia. The man-power and funds for rebuilding and maintaining the fires were obtained from a beaconage rate levied on a whole country, and the watchers were kept regularly posted at the sites. Many of them are well known from their names. Southern examples are the Beacons of Dunkery, Inkpen, Ivinghoe, Blackdown, Firle, Ditchling and Crowborough. There were probably a thousand or more fire hills in all, and those which do not bear an obvious designation are nevertheless self-evident from their height.

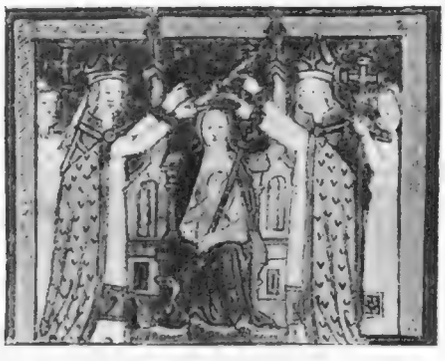
By day the signals were given by treating the fires in such a way as to produce pillars of smoke, and both these and the night fires continued their vital office until long after the Middle Ages. By the time of the Napoleonic Wars the peaks had ceased their role as fire hills, but several of the southern beacon hills were again used during the invasion jitters of the early 1800's to contrive a method of rapid signalling between headquarters in London and the naval base at Portsmouth.

ON each hill was a tall structure fitted with an ingenious system of shutters, octagonal in shape, to give an all-round visibility. The telegraphist sent his message by making selections from a number of secret (*Continued on page* 88)

Edinburgh's 40 ft. beacon. The blaze on King Arthur's Seat at King George V.'s Jubilee was one of the largest in the country.

The Coronation procession of Queen Victoria crossing Trafalgar Square, strangely unfamiliar without Nelson's Column, not yet erected.

Queen Victoria's Journal



The Crowning of the Consort, from the Fourteenth Century Litlynton Missal.

This extract from Queen Victoria's Journal has special interest at this moment, as a personal account of the solemn ceremony of the Coronation, by one who was the central figure of it.

Thursday, 28th June 1838

I WAS awoke at four o'clock by the guns in the Park, and could not get much sleep afterwards on account of the noise of the people, bands, etc., etc. Got up at seven, feeling strong and well; the Park presented a curious spectacle, crowds of people up to Constitution Hill, soldiers, bands, etc. I dressed, having taken a little breakfast before I dressed, and a little after. At half past 9 I went into the next room, dressed exactly in my House of Lords costume; and met Uncle Ernest, Charles, and Feodore (who had come a few minutes before into my dressing room), Lady Lansdowne, Lady Normanby, the Duchess of Sutherland, and Lady Barham, all in their robes.

At 10 I got into the State Coach with the Duchess of Sutherland and Lord Albemarle, and we began our Progress. I subjoin a minute account of the whole Procession and of the whole Proceeding,—the route, etc. It was a fine day, and the crowds of people exceeded what I have ever seen; many as there were the day I went to the City, it was nothing, nothing to the multitudes, the millions of my loyal subjects, who were assembled *in every spot* to witness the Procession. Their good humour and excessive loyalty was beyond everything, and I really cannot say *how* proud I feel to be the Queen of *such* a Nation. I was alarmed at times for fear that the people would be crushed and squeezed on account of the tremendous rush and pressure.

I reached the Abbey amid deafening cheers at a little after half past eleven; I first went into a robing room quite close to the entrance where I found my eight train-bearers: Lady Caroline Lennox, Lady Adelaide Paget, Lady Mary Talbot, Lady Fanny Cowper, Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope, Lady Anne Fitzwilliam, Lady Mary Grimston, and Lady Louisa Jenkinson—all dressed alike and beautifully in white satin and silver tissue with wreaths of silver corn-ears in front, and a small one of pink roses round the plait behind, and pink roses in the trimming of the dresses.

AFTER putting on my mantle, and the young ladies having properly got hold of it and Lord Conyngham holding the end of it, I left the robing-room and the Procession began as is described in the annexed account, and all that followed and took place. The sight was splendid; the bank of Peeresses quite beautiful all in their robes, and the Peers on the other side. My young train-bearers were always near me, and helped me whenever I wanted anything. The Bishop of Durham stood on the side near me, but he was, as Lord Melbourne told me, remarkably *maladroit*, and never could tell me what was to take place. At the beginning of the Anthem, where I 've made a mark, I retired to St. Edward's Chapel, a dark, small place immediately behind the Altar, with my ladies and train-bearers—took off my crimson robe and kirtle, and put on the supertunica of cloth of gold, also in the shape of a kirtle, which was put over a singular sort of little gown of linen trimmed with lace; I also took off my circlet of diamonds and then proceeded bare-headed into the Abbey; I was then seated upon St. Edward's chair, where the Dalmatic robe was clasped round me by the Lord Great Chamberlain. Then followed all the various things; and last (of those things) the Crown being placed on my head—which was, I must own, a most beautiful

Queen Victoria's journal hints at a certain confusion during her Coronation ceremony, but the scene painted by Charles Newcombe, R.A., who was an eye-witness in the Abbey, is one of stately grandeur.

"... The Archbishop came in and *ought* to have delivered the Orb to me, but I had already got it..."

impressive moment; *all* the Peers and Peeresses put on their coronets at the same instant.

My excellent Lord Melbourne, who stood very close to me throughout the whole ceremony, was *completely* overcome at this moment, and very much affected; he gave me *such* a kind, and I may say *fatherly* look. The shouts, which were very great, the drums, the trumpets, the firing of the guns, all at the same instant, rendered the spectacle most imposing.

THE Enthronisation and the Homage of, first, all the Bishops, and then my Uncles, and lastly of all the Peers, in their respective order was very fine. The Duke of Norfolk (holding for me the Sceptre with a Cross), with Lord Melbourne, stood close to me on my right, and the Duke of Richmond with the other Sceptre on my left, etc., etc. All my train-bearers, etc., standing behind the Throne. Poor old Lord Rolle, who is 82, and dreadfully infirm, in attempting to ascend the steps fell and rolled quite down, but was not the least hurt; when he attempted to re-ascend them I got up and advanced to the end of the steps, in order to prevent another fall. When Lord Melbourne's turn to do Homage came, there was loud cheering; they also cheered Lord Grey, and the Duke of Wellington; it 's a pretty ceremony; they first all touch the Crown, and then kiss my hand. When my good Lord Melbourne knelt down and kissed my hand, he pressed my hand and I grasped his with all my heart, at which he looked up with his eyes filled with tears and seemed much touched, as he was, I observed, throughout the whole ceremony. After the Homage was concluded I left the Throne, took off my Crown and received the Sacrament; I then put on my Crown again, and re-ascended the Throne, leaning on Lord Melbourne's arm. At the commencement of the Anthem I descended from the Throne, and went into St. Edward's Chapel with my Ladies, Train-bearers, and Lord Willoughby, where I took off the Dalmatic robe, supertunica, etc., and put on the Purple Velvet Kirtle and Mantle, and proceeded again to the Throne, which I ascended leaning on Lord Melbourne's hand.

There was another most dear Being present at this ceremony, in the box immediately above the royal box, and who witnessed all; it was my dearly beloved angelic Lehzen, whose eyes I caught when on the Throne, and we exchanged smiles. She and Späth, Lady John Russell, and Mr. Murray saw me leave the Palace, arrive at the Abbey, leave the Abbey and again return to the Palace!!

I THEN again descended from the Throne, and repaired with all the Peers bearing the Regalia, my Ladies and Train-bearers, to St. Edward's Chapel, as it is called; but which, as Lord Melbourne said, was more *un*like a Chapel than anything he had ever seen; for what was *called* an *Altar* was covered with sandwiches, bottles of wine, etc., etc. The Archbishop came in and *ought* to have delivered the Orb to me, but I had already got it, and he (as usual) was *so* confused and puzzled and knew nothing, and—went away. Here we waited some minutes. Lord Melbourne took a glass of wine, for he seemed completely tired. The Procession being formed, I replaced my Crown (which I had taken off for a few minutes), took the Orb in my left hand and the Sceptre in my right, and thus *loaded*, proceeded through the Abbey—which resounded with cheers, to the first robing room; where I found the Duchess of Gloucester, Mamma, and the Duchess of Cambridge with their Ladies. And here we waited for at least an hour, with *all* my ladies and train-bearers; The Princesses went away about half an hour before I did. The Archbishop had (most awkwardly) put the ring on the wrong finger, and the consequence was that I had the greatest difficulty to take it off again, which I at last did with great pain. Lady Fanny, Lady Wilhelmina, and Lady Mary Grimston, looked quite beautiful. At about half-past four I re-entered my carriage, the (*Continued on page 71*)

After the Lords Spiritual and Temporal have paid homage to the Queen, "the Drums shall beat, and the Trumpets sound, and all the people shout." This moment is recorded in the painting by Sir George Hayter, who was official painter to Queen Victoria.

The Coronation Story

Part III

THE young Elizabeth turned over the jet-black ring as she stood in the grounds of Hatfield House

Elizabeth Tudor

By JOHN HERBERT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT HODGSON

ON a November day in 1558, young Elizabeth Tudor stood under an English oak in the grounds of Hatfield House, in Hertfordshire, turning over in her hands a jet-black ring. She read from it, as it gleamed darkly in her palm, momentous news—news that her half-sister, Queen Mary, was dead and that she herself was now Queen of England.

In her quiet retreat at Hatfield Elizabeth had already had a report of Mary's death, but these were days of frequent alarm and rumour, of plot and counter-plot, and she would not believe the story without confirmation.

And so to Mary's residence at St. James's Palace she sent a messenger to bring back, as certain proof, a ring of her sister's, the treasured wedding gift of Mary's royal Spanish consort, Philip, an emblem that Elizabeth knew would never leave Mary's finger while Mary was alive.

Handling this dark symbol of mourning —and token of her own succession— Elizabeth spoke her full heart in Latin. Her words, translated, were: "This is God's deed, and wonderful in our eyes!"

Outstanding beauty this daughter of King Hal and Anne Boleyn may not have been, but now, at twenty-five, as she prepared to don the Crown of England, there was something in her striking looks and assured bearing that proclaimed her every inch a queen.

A stature tall enough to be commanding, the fairest of fair skins, bright auburn hair, a delicately roman nose, eyes deep-set and challenging, gave her a distinction that most women might have envied; and to set them off was the brilliant finery of dress and ornament which she soon began to flaunt as if in reaction from the sombre habit of her secluded earlier years.

THE celebrations that marked the crowning of Elizabeth some two months after Mary's death were lavish and jubilant, for the English people, surfeited with the Catholic bigotry of Mary, welcomed a Protestant queen.

Rarely had the crowds been so enthusiastic, the Thames so packed with craft and London so bedecked with all the devices of showmanship as on those two days when the new Queen passed first by

MAJESTIC in her State barge the Queen moved down London's great waterway to the city's fortress to be escorted by the Lord Mayor

river from Westminster to the Tower and then on the time-honoured progress through the streets from the Tower back to Westminster.

Majestic in her State barge the Queen moved down London's great waterway to the city's ancient fortress, to be met and escorted by the Lord Mayor in his barge and followed by a flotilla of other boats from which came the salvos of royal salutes and strains of joyful music. (How different this entry of hers into the Tower from that other one of some four years before when she had been taken there as a prisoner, suspected by Mary of plotting to overthrow her !)

But it was two days later, in the Queen's recognition-procession back to Westminster, that pageantry and public rejoicing had their fullest rein. As Elizabeth, in magnificent costume, issued from the Tower in a coach rich with crimson velvet and surmounted by a canopy borne by knights, she "was received," says the chronicler, "by the people with prayers, welcomings, cries and tender words, and all signs, which argue an earnest love of subjects towards their Sovereign."

AND to honour Elizabeth elaborate pageants were staged all along the decorated and banner-hung city thoroughfares : in Fenchurch Street, where a "fair child" acclaimed her with verses; in Gracechurch, where, on a huge platform erected under a magnificent arch, appeared a historical presentation of the Queen's immediate forbears, posing among a display of vast red and white roses; and at many other points on the route.

In Cheapside the City Fathers paid their tribute, the Recorder presenting Elizabeth, in the name of the Lord Mayor and his Aldermen, with a crimson satin purse containing a thousand marks in gold. And so the triumphant royal progress continued as far as Whitehall, where the Queen spent the night.

Next morning, on Coronation day itself, she went by water from Whitehall to Westminster, where she put on the Coronation garments—"a mantle of crimson velvet, furred with ermine, with a cordon of silk and gold; a train and surcoat of the same velvet; a cap of maintenance, striped with passaments of gold lace, and a tassel of gold to the same."

And then she passed to the Abbey to be crowned according to the ancient ritual. Of the magnificence of the scene and the enthusiasm of the responses an admiring foreigner has left a record. At the Recognition, he writes: "The organs, fifes, trumpets and drums playing, the bells also ringing, it seemed as if the world were to come to an end."

The only discordant note, perhaps, was the absence of all the senior bishops from the ceremony, on religious grounds—the crowning being actually conducted by the Bishop of Carlisle.

Well may the young Elizabeth have exclaimed at Hatfield: "This is wonderful in our eyes!" For from her position now as first lady in the land she could look back over twenty-five years in which she had known little happiness, years in which she had been buffeted uneasily in the cross-currents of palace intrigue and caught in the tortuous eddies of Tudor politics.

SHE had known, too, trouble and loneliness—and had suffered much from the remorse that had followed a brief season of precocious romance.

That romantic association in which she was the victim of the philandering Thomas Seymour produced a first-rate scandal at Court, plunged her in undeserved disgrace and caused Seymour's head to roll on the executioner's block.

Soon after Henry VIII died in (*Continued on page 78*)

UNSCRUPULOUSLY, the philandering Seymour encouraged the girl's infatuation, and soon his attentions began to be talked about at Court

London Scene

Constance Walsh gives a glimpse of the things that star-gazers in London will be interested to see

LONDON, this summer, is a little unfamiliar in some ways. With her usual good-humoured adaptability, this staid capital city has turned herself into a gay theatre in which British people from all parts of the world, and their welcome foreign guests, can see and share in the Coronation pageantry.

In honour of the occasion, her streets are brilliant with colourful heraldic banners, decorated lamp-posts and a kaleidoscope of flags fluttering above rooftops and from windows. Even the flowers in the familiar summer-time window - boxes seem larger, brighter, lovelier than usual.

Towering tiers of steel and timber spectator-stands line the procession route to and from the Abbey, masking the frontages of well-known buildings, fencing in green spaces and shutting out the vista across Hyde Park from Park Lane. Along the Piccadilly boundary of the Green Park, tall trees, looking I swear, slightly astonished by the whole business, appear to be growing out of the stands which completely surround them.

The most used of all these spectator-stands are those flanking the Mall and facing the Palace. They will be crowded on Coronation Day, so that the Queen, setting out for the Abbey in her golden coach, escorted by the fabulous Procession, will drive between cliffs of living people who have come to greet her and to wish her well on this tremendous occasion.

TIRED sightseers sit on these stands to admire the cobweb delicacy and leggy grace of the four gold and silver arches which span the carriageway of the Mall. Their elegance and fairy-tale splendour sum up the spirit of this magnificent summer.

Rising to a total height of eighty-five feet, they soar above the plane trees. Each is made of two tubular steel arcs which cross each other at the top of their curve, sixty-five feet above ground-level. Each is surmounted by the silhouettes of two lions and two unicorns, which stand facing each other. The silhouettes are outlines in tubular steel and the lions are filled in with gold, and the unicorns with white mesh. A princess's coronet is suspended from the centre of each arch. When the long dreaming June evenings end and night falls, the lions and unicorns are floodlit so that they and the illuminated coronets over which they stand guard seem to float unsupported in the darkness.

From the Mall stands, visitors can watch the Queen leaving and returning to the Palace as she fulfils her many engagements, and see her guests arrive for the grand official functions of the Coronation season.

On the day before the Coronation, representatives of the Commonwealth countries will drive to the Palace to be received by Her Majesty at midday and to lunch with her afterwards.

On June 3, 4, 8 and 9, the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, leaves at two o'clock in the afternoon to visit outlying districts of London.

ON June 8, at approximately 7.45 p.m., she will drive from the Palace to Covent Garden. In the Royal Opera House, where Oliver Messel's decorations, specially designed for the occasion, add magnificence to magnificence, she will hear Benjamin Britten's new opera *Gloriana* performed for the first time.

On June 11, those who come to cheer her as she goes to the Trooping the Colour ceremony which marks her official birthday will have a grandstand view of the fly-past which is the R.A.F.'s tribute.

In the evening of June 3 and 4, sightseers will be rewarded by glimpses of guests, bejewelled and bemedalled, on their way to the State Banquets timed to begin at 8.30 p.m. On June 5 and 12, they can watch the arrivals for the ten o'clock Evening Receptions.

Right through this enchanted summer London and her visitors will celebrate with a prewar elegance and lightheartedness.

The Coronation Night Ball at the Savoy Hotel will set the standard. For the occasion Cecil Beaton and John Hill have joined forces to create the illusion that the restaurant, ballroom and foyer are a vast tent set in an Elizabeth Tudor garden.

To achieve this effect, they have draped ceilings and walls with misty dovegrey material, lightly striped with scarlet, and added bright heraldic banners topped with curling ostrich feathers. Garden scenes painted on mirrors and windows, and trimly clipped hedges give the impression of a spacious garden beyond the tent. On the night of the Ball, Yeoman Warders in their scarlet uniforms will come from the Tower to complete the Elizabeth I atmosphere.

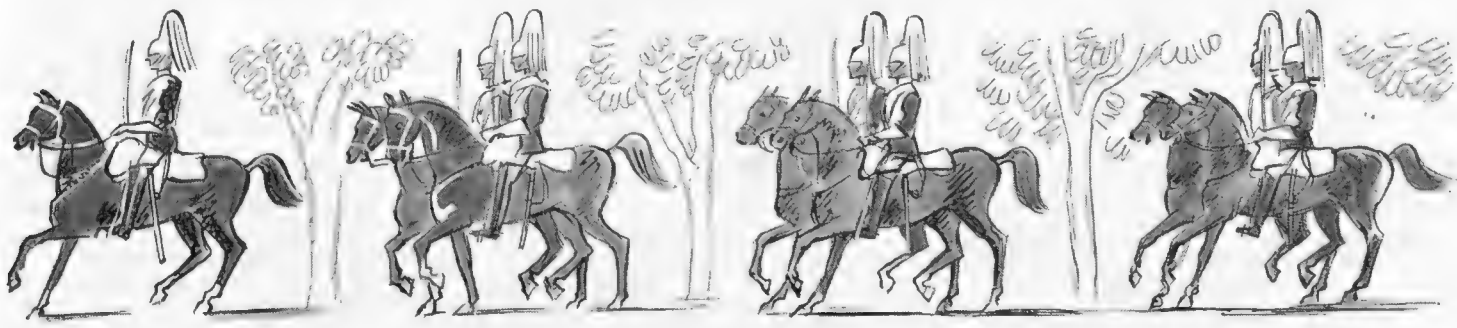
In this setting, 1,200 guests will enjoy a seven-course dinner of Tudor richness; be diverted by a two-hour cabaret in which Noël Coward, Bing Crosby, Maurice Chevalier and the Sadler's Wells Ballet have been invited to take part; and afterwards dance the night away.

The dance programme will include everything from reels to rumbas, and pipers from the regiments of which the Queen is Colonel-in-Chief and three famous bands will take turns to provide the music. Tickets will cost twelve guineas each and profits go to charity.

When the Ball is over the garden pavilion decorations will remain as part of the London Coronation scene to be enjoyed by all who come to the hotel for food, entertainment or shelter.

IN Park Lane they are celebrating, too. Oliver Messel's gay decorations make the Dorchester's concave entrance frontage look like the interior of a theatre seen from the stage. The balconies, draped with azure and gold material, become the different circles of the auditorium, and flanking them are rows of twinkling lights reminiscent of the wall lamps which feature in most theatrical décor. The carmine-draped canopy above the entrance door is topped with restless gas flares. Evergreens, crowns and flags floating from tall standards dress the remainder of the building. Each evening the hotel will offer its guests dinner, dancing and cabarets.

Farther up Park (*Continued on page 72*)



A simple story

that cannot fail to touch the emotions

PEN-FRIEND

By YVONNE SEAGER

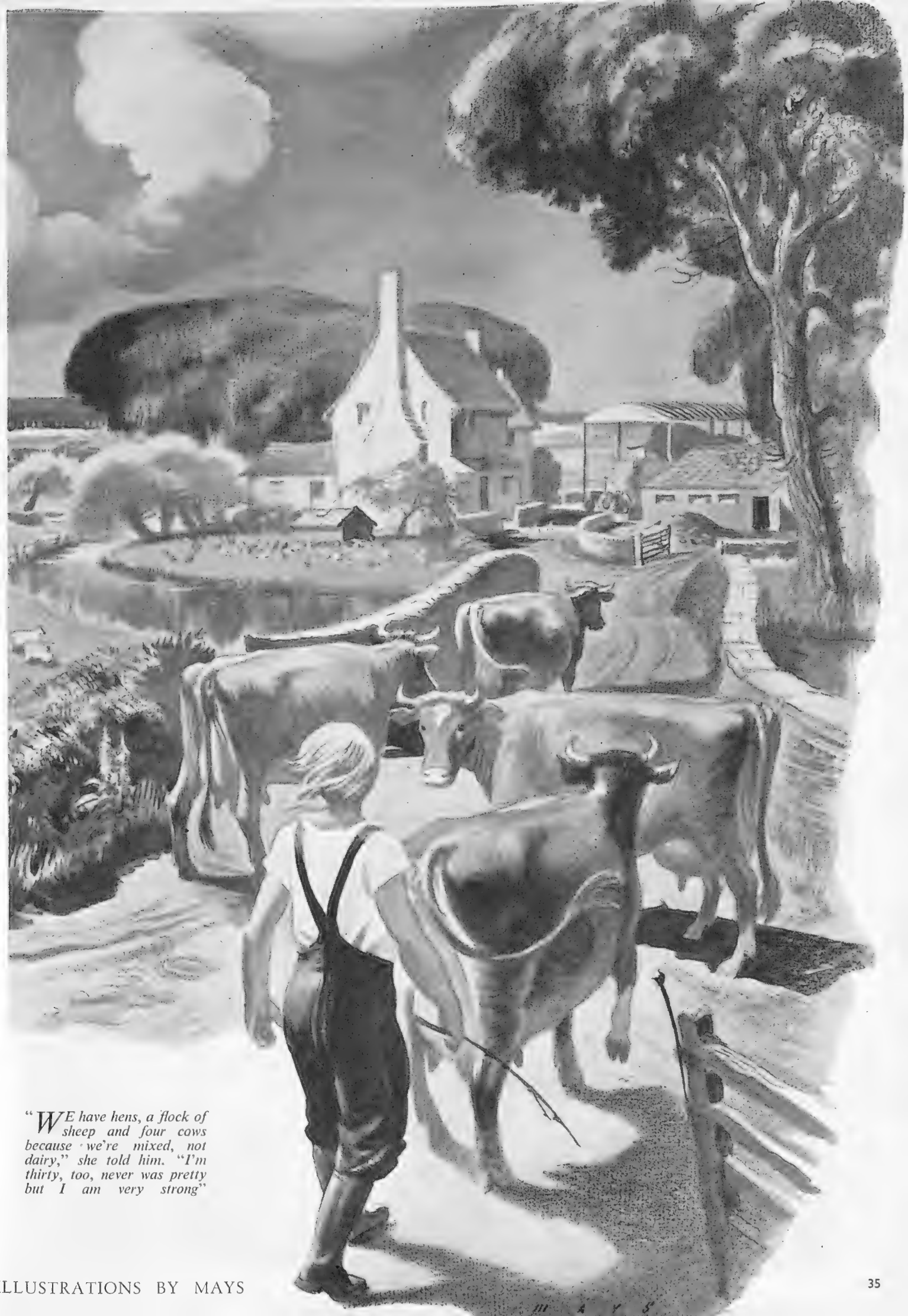
HANNAH had seldom been in any town other than Spalding. She had never seen a boat-train arrive, and only by continual questioning did she find the station, and eventually the right platform. She was as suspicious and impressed with the city as a peasant. Quick to criticize the noisy, smelly restaurant, the grey streets, the reddened lips of the women—but she was impressed.

Hannah was one of the few real peasants left in England, though she wouldn't have described herself as such. "I'm a countrywoman. Come from the Fens. All my family did. Been running the farm since Dad died. I've no use for towns. . . ." Nearly all Hannah's life was summed up in those few bald statements. There was nothing florid about her written style, either. But after six years' correspondence, a man was ready to marry her, and today would bring her face to face with the author of some two hundred letters—formal, friendly, and at last affectionate. It was her woman's curiosity—and perhaps her peasant's canniness—that had urged her to peep at the man now before she met him by appointment at his hotel.

Farmer's daughter into schoolmaster's wife—it was no great step. She had hugged the growing relationship to herself, throughout the hard, Fenland winters, and the hot summers. Neither the vicar nor the village had an inkling that "Miss Blunden out on the marsh" was planning her wedding. Only her lawyer knew that she had decided to accept the New Water Catchment Board's offer for the farm, though not her reason for doing so.

She was used to hard work. Every season brought its own particular chores and, when she had time to think about it, its beauty. She was more used to looking at things from the practical side than the poetic, naturally. Spring lambs meant work—danger if they came too early, worry if they came too late—harvest meant more work, and aching muscles. Every winter was a challenge—often a battle. Only recently the floods had taken her father, and most of her savings. She did not complain in her letters about her misfortunes, she merely stated facts; not asking for sympathy or conscious of appealing to a man's protectiveness.

It would be a great wrench to leave the farm with its terrible isolation, which scared her at times, and at times elated



"WE have hens, a flock of sheep and four cows because we're mixed, not dairy," she told him. "I'm thirty, too, never was pretty but I am very strong"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAYS

HANNAH was glad to confide in Mark about her own troubles that winter, and gradually her wariness of him wore away

her. Reason warned her there would never be another chance of sale and marriage, coming together, however. The future was not yet clear, but she was confident enough, and besides—she would not be alone. She thought perhaps she could run the schoolhouse, or supervise meals, or teach the girls sewing. . . . She didn't know anything about education in South Africa—or in England, for that matter—but doubtless she could make herself useful. And it would be nice to see the sun. Ever since the bad floods, she'd had rheumatism each winter.

Her reflection in a showcase on the station surprised her—there were no full-length mirrors on the farm. She was a fine woman, although rather short, muscular in build rather than feminine. Her best clothes, a few years old now, but new-looking because so little worn, were unfashionable and slightly ridiculous. Her tweed coat rested on the ankles of her thick, highly polished shoes, and her brown felt hat — new when she'd approached the late Rev. Samuel Iccleston about the propriety of replying to a gentleman in South Africa who'd answered her query in the Parish Magazine about the botanical name for Wood Blewits—looked, despite brushing, as if it had spent several seasons in the attic.

Hannah was all in brown. She wore it for best because her mother had worn it for best, suiting the occasion, rather than the complexion of the wearer. Brown was sober and sensible, old Mrs. Blunden had explained. It went with anything, did for anything, hardly showed rain marks and mud at all. . . . Hannah had buried her father in the brown hat (plus a crêpe band) and driven a shrewd bargain with the Catchment Board's representatives in it, a curlew's feather picked up that morning, nodding as she made each point. Now she was wearing the hat for Mark McKinley. . . .

She told herself (*Continued on page* 66)

Narrow boats really are narrow—for they are 70 ft. long with a 7-ft. beam.

England's Lonely Waterways

BY FRANCES HOWELL

THE enormous post-war increase in the popularity of caravaning is a fascinating example of the very old and slightly disreputable, becoming the new and acceptable; for this tendency to play at snails has been a human characteristic since there were first humans. But among civilised peoples the nomad has been regarded with more curiosity than affection; has, in fact, been tolerated rather than encouraged. The gipsies, let us admit, have got a bad name, and so, too, had the people who first worked the canals of England. This, no doubt, was because many of them were believed to be gipsies, while not a few certainly deserved the bad name in their own right.

It is, however, no longer possible to point a finger of unqualified scorn at carefree persons who pull up beside the road and light a nightly fire, because a great many highly respectable citizens have come to delight in doing just that thing. And now these same respectable citizens are turning their attention to the canals and are finding that the proverbial language of the bargees is not what it was.

The inland waterways of Britain are to-day in a very sorry state indeed, but it is not the object of this article to discuss the economics of this fantastic neglect. Indeed, their partially-derelict condition in some ways adds to the pleasure of a holiday "on the cut." Suffice it to say that in 1839 there were eighty-six canals carrying a huge volume of traffic throughout the country: to-day there are five more or less flourishing. The rest have either totally ceased to exist, have become unnavigable, or are in much the same condition as they were at the time when the railways first came into competition.

Thus a holiday on the cut has a double attraction. Primarily it offers a caravan life, with the inherent appeal of the miniature, while its setting has more than a little in common with Venice; not only for the obvious parallel of boats, bridges, water and romantic decay; but for its timelessness, tranquillity, and sense of being not quite of this world.

PARTICULARLY is so if you join one of the narrow boats that make twelve or fourteen-day pleasure trips through the Midlands, but such Midlands as are undreamed of by those who hurtle through them in a train or fidget along their narrow, overcrowded main roads. It is true that canals do pass through industrial districts, but much the greater part of their mileage is concerned with open, positively idyllic country, and in any case few people of perception can remain entirely (*Continued on page 74*)

While the boat waits for a lock to fill passengers go to their action stations.

Traditional castle, and roses, paintings and turk's head on a narrow boat.

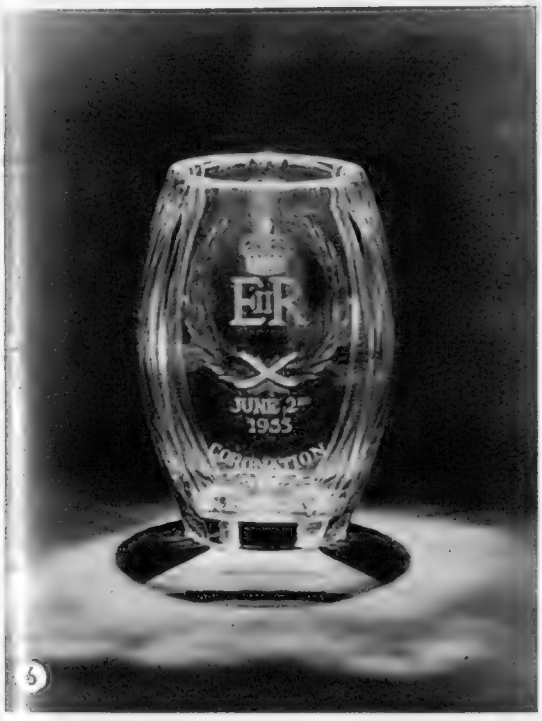
Best of

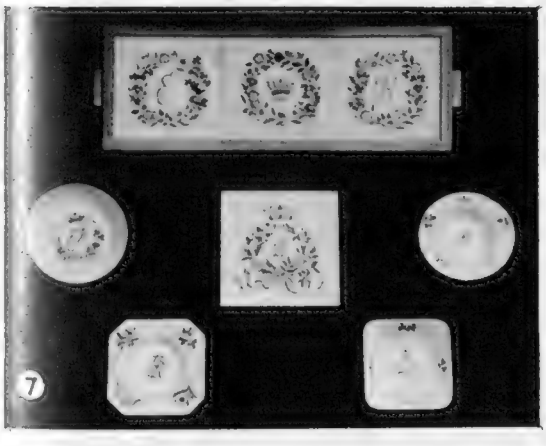
THE Coronation has set a decorative special value in years to come. But all to be an heirloom. Some souvenirs have live beyond the season. But there are ship which will be the collector's prizes sarily in the fabulous price ranges now. souvenirs which can be treasured for

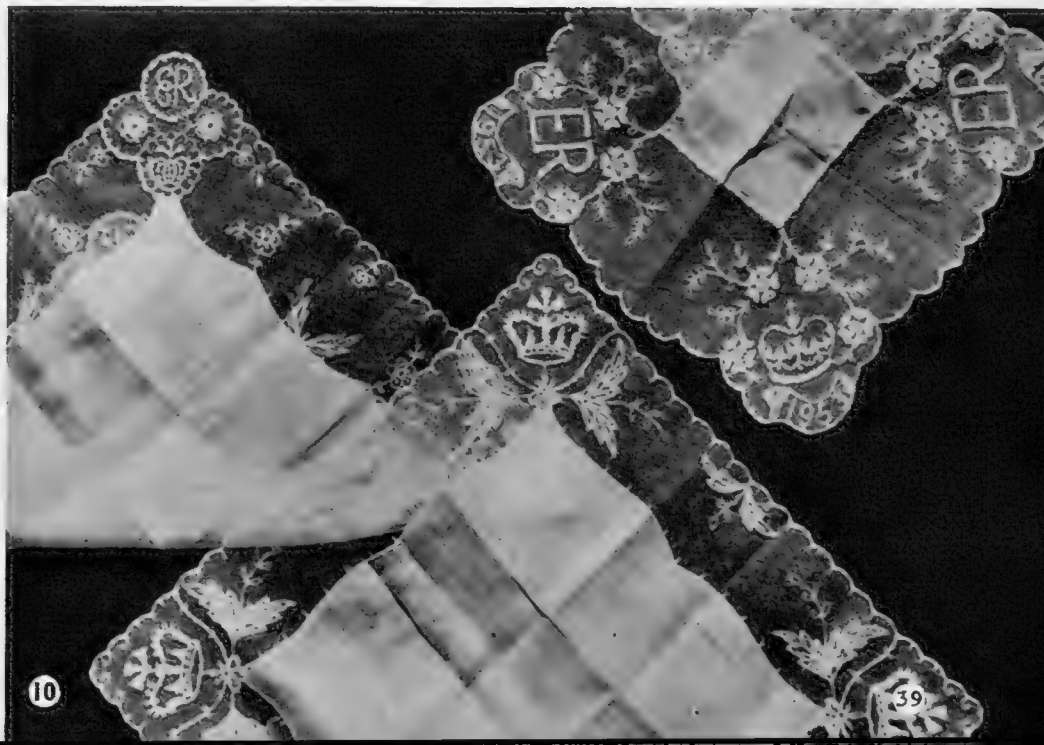
1. An air-twist stemmed goblet, cigarette-holder and brandy balloon by Stuart and Sons.
2. Souvenir spoons in hall-marked silver and enamel, or in E.P.N.S., by Turner and Simpson.
3. Glazed earthenware pieces with decorative black lettering on cream designed for Heals.
4. Two lead crystal glass chalices, hand-cut and engraved by Thomas Webb and Corbett.
5. Pottery table-napkin rings hand-painted with the national emblems, by Packard and Ord.

Souvenirs

theme for 1953 which will have a which carries a coronet is not destined a frankly ephemeral appeal and will not many other pieces of taste and craftsman- of the future, and these are not neces- Here we have made a selection of their intrinsic beauty and future value.







6. A heavy crystal glass vase with intaglio and polished glass cutting by Stuart and Sons.
7. Hand-painted pottery dishes, ash-trays, tiles and a tile tray by Packard and Ord Ltd.
8. Tea-set in traditional design by Wedgwood with white reliefs on pale blue jasper.
9. Royal Doulton tankards in salt-glazed stone-ware with relief decoration in off-white.
10. Handkerchiefs trimmed with Coronation lace by The Lace Association, Notts.

The latest books reviewed for your Coronation reading by

TREVOR ALLEN.

MANY Coronation visitors, this festal month, will be sampling our London theatres. If they want to know something of their history and social heydays I recommend, as permanent souvenirs, the books of W. Macqueen-Pope, whose evocation of West End nights has the authentic glitter and grease-paint. His latest, "**Shirtfronts and Sables**" (Hale; 21s.), is a glamorous memoir of the Victorian and Edwardian stage, rich with stories about Sir George Dance, whom he served for many years, George Edwardes, Julian Wylie, Gertie Millar, Kate Rorke, Edith Wynne Matthison, Marie Tempest and others. Dance, a tartar who trusted no one, made life a burden for many, yet was likeable despite his wilful, wayward faults, would tell intending chorus-girls at an audition: "You know, my dears, there are lots of steps want cleaning in Brixton." Once he ordered Macqueen-Pope to go and buy Stonehenge, presumably to present it to the nation and anticipate, by twenty-five years, the knighthood he eventually earned by giving £25,000 to the Old Vic. The personal chapters on him are the best in a vivid book whose nostalgic excesses I condone as a confirmed Macqueen-Pope fan!

SINCE stage folk are still technically rogues and vagabonds, it is no abrupt transition to a book about pirates. Patrick Pringle's "**Jolly Roger**" (Museum Press; 18s.) reminds us that the great age of piracy, from Elizabeth I.'s reign to the second decade of the eighteenth century, was also the age of African slavery, and the brutalities of both should be correlated. Somewhere between authorities like Exquemelin and Captain Johnson and the lurid blood-and-thunder romancers lies the truth about these notorious gentlemen—and ladies, be it added, for Mary Read and Anne Bonnet sailed under skull-and-crossbones. Mr. Pringle strives manfully to sift fact from fiction, but inevitably hearsay triumphs, and roguery enough survives to leave us our pirates as we like them—fiercely Blackbearded and Morganatic.

WHEN some of these lusty villains were still ravaging the main, stolid masons were building houses like Beverley Nichols' Georgian, Merry Hall, which he now portrays endearingly in "**Laughter on the Stairs**" (Cape; 15s.), with William McLaren's graceful cameo drawings. He can be very funny, notably about a vile stained-glass window installed by the previous Mr. Stebbing, who pianolaed Liszt every morning after breakfast, not because he liked music but because the pedalling was "stimulating to his intestines." (Incidentally, burglars entered by the mermaid's *derrière* in that window when Beverley was away.) Having long ago decided that if I had to share the gardens of Paradise with him I'd make a beeline for the other place, I welcome this transfer from garden to house. All his admirers will be deliciously at home there.

IMAGINE Arab girls, heavily veiled and clothed, going into a beach-hut and emerging in scanty Bikinis; also riding on "flying chairs" at the Meknes Fair with veils held firmly in place but skirts afloat in the breeze! Those are some of the incongruities seen by Bernard Newman in "**Morocco To-day**" (Hale; 18s.), a spirited record of a tour which took him into politics and economics as well as weird customs in bizarre places. He is a lively guide to the wonders of Casablanca, Fez, Marrakesh and beyond, and there are sunny photographs of the people.

THE other side of the Channel is good enough for Garry Hogg, who describes a holiday jaunt from battered St. Malo by way of Morlaix, Brest, Quimper, Vannes, Rennes, in "**Brittany Roundabout**" (Museum Press; 15s.), which other tourists will find informative and helpful. (*Continued on page 80*)

HIGH PRIESTESS OF STRATFORD.

MARIE CORELLI lived as she wrote, with little self-critical brake on impulse and impetus. In her writing this helped to make her a sensational best-seller; in her social life, especially at Stratford, it helped to make her bitter enemies. The extravagances of what Eileen Bigland calls the *folie de grandeur* of her later years were the price she paid for facile fame.

Mrs. Bigland balances criticism with sympathy in *Marie Corelli*: ***The Woman and the Legend*** (Jarrolds; 18s.). Part of the legend was her "adopted" romantic origin, self-fostered, when it now seems beyond doubt that she was the illegitimate child of song-writer and journalist Charles Mackay and Mary Elizabeth Mills, a widow whom he subsequently married. It is a fascinating study—the lonely, dreamy child of Fern Dell, Box Hill, becoming first the ambitious pianist, then the prolific novelist, then the self-appointed Divinity of Stratford, rocked by a belated love for the painter, Arthur Severn, as cloying as any devised for her heroines. This biography should rank with *Ouida* as one of the year's best.

I had my alibi clearly worked out, but as things turned out it was not an alibi that I needed.

By

EMERY BONETT

SERVICE

THE doctor stood up.

"She 's coming along nicely," he said, "and may I say, young man, that Lady Singleton owes as much to your devoted nursing as she does to my medical skill. I understand you 've been doing your job by day and looking after my patient in your free time till midnight and after."

"That 's me," I said, feeling sillier than I really was.

"Don't worry about Dickie, doctor," Lady Singleton croaked from her bed. "Everything 's been taken care of. Dickie knows there 's a little something coming his way when I 'm dead."

The doctor grinned. "Mentioning someone in your will isn't necessarily a safeguard for your life. There 's more to it than that."

He was right, too.

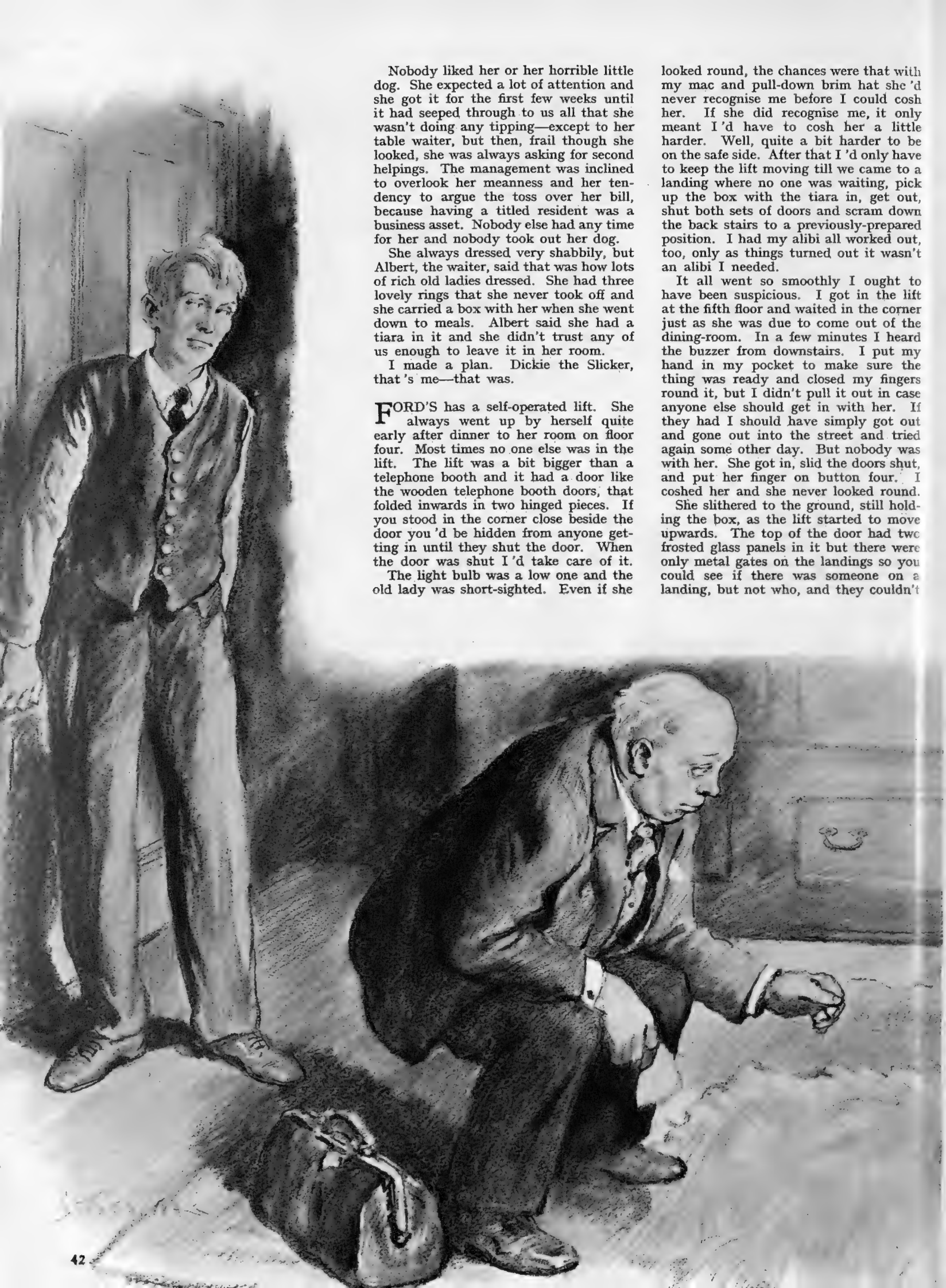
"See the doctor out, Dickie," said Lady Singleton, "and then, if you 're still off duty I 'd like to hear the end of the chapter, after they break out of gaol, before I have my nap. I 'm feeling so much better."

As I started for the door the dog got off her bed.

"Pugsie wants some exercise," she said. "Better give him his run before you come back." Her smile glittered after me like a curse.

I REMEMBER when she first came to Ford's, a small hotel of good standing but dull with no bar trade and no orchestra. No prospects, you 'd have said, for a slick operator like me, but there are things you can learn in a hotel that you can't learn anywhere else. I was porter and odd man and stoked boilers. Young for it, they said, but I 'm getting older. Every minute I 'm getting older. But if I changed my job she says she 'd miss me. So I stay.

"Take Pugsie for a run so he will realise you are his friend."



Nobody liked her or her horrible little dog. She expected a lot of attention and she got it for the first few weeks until it had seeped through to us all that she wasn't doing any tipping—except to her table waiter, but then, frail though she looked, she was always asking for second helpings. The management was inclined to overlook her meanness and her tendency to argue the toss over her bill, because having a titled resident was a business asset. Nobody else had any time for her and nobody took out her dog.

She always dressed very shabbily, but Albert, the waiter, said that was how lots of rich old ladies dressed. She had three lovely rings that she never took off and she carried a box with her when she went down to meals. Albert said she had a tiara in it and she didn't trust any of us enough to leave it in her room.

I made a plan. Dickie the Slicker, that 's me—that was.

FORD'S has a self-operated lift. She always went up by herself quite early after dinner to her room on floor four. Most times no one else was in the lift. The lift was a bit bigger than a telephone booth and it had a door like the wooden telephone booth doors, that folded inwards in two hinged pieces. If you stood in the corner close beside the door you 'd be hidden from anyone getting in until they shut the door. When the door was shut I 'd take care of it.

The light bulb was a low one and the old lady was short-sighted. Even if she looked round, the chances were that with my mac and pull-down brim hat she 'd never recognise me before I could cosh her. If she did recognise me, it only meant I 'd have to cosh her a little harder. Well, quite a bit harder to be on the safe side. After that I 'd only have to keep the lift moving till we came to a landing where no one was waiting, pick up the box with the tiara in, get out, shut both sets of doors and scram down the back stairs to a previously-prepared position. I had my alibi all worked out, too, only as things turned out it wasn't an alibi I needed.

It all went so smoothly I ought to have been suspicious. I got in the lift at the fifth floor and waited in the corner just as she was due to come out of the dining-room. In a few minutes I heard the buzzer from downstairs. I put my hand in my pocket to make sure the thing was ready and closed my fingers round it, but I didn't pull it out in case anyone else should get in with her. If they had I should have simply got out and gone out into the street and tried again some other day. But nobody was with her. She got in, slid the doors shut, and put her finger on button four. I coshed her and she never looked round.

She slithered to the ground, still holding the box, as the lift started to move upwards. The top of the door had two frosted glass panels in it but there were only metal gates on the landings so you could see if there was someone on a landing, but not who, and they couldn't

see who was inside. As the panel came over the level of the fourth floor I could see somebody's legs. I bashed my thumb over the emergency stop and then pressed the second-floor button, and then, as the lift checked and seemed to hover and at last started down, I decided to play for safety and take her on down to the basement and get out the quick way.

The person on the fourth landing must have kept his finger on the buzzer, and when I tried to change it for the basement it checked again, midway between floors two and one, and after a shuddering pause began very slowly to ascend. I pressed button three but it went doggedly past so I tried the emergency stop again, and with a sickening lurch it stood still just between three and four.

I COULD hear the fourth-floor buzzer still going and this time I pressed the basement stop before I took my other finger off the emergency stop. Nothing happened. I tried all the stops in turn, then all at once. Nothing happened. The lift was stuck. Someone below was buzzing for the lift now and presently I heard footsteps running on the stairs and voices—several voices. Floating up the lift-shaft from the landing below I heard the word "manager" and presently "engineer."

I was in a trap. Whatever happened now there was no hope of slipping out of the lift and leaving the old lady for someone else to find. I was going to walk out slap (*Continued on page* 88)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY S. TRESILIAN

"See the doctor out, Dickie," said Lady Singleton, "and Pugsie wants some exercise. You 'd better give him his run."

Michael Williams.

White satin with crystal embroidery and cerise stole. Susan Small, from Peter Jones, London. Rhinestone jewellery from Jay's, London. **Right :** White embroidery on grey organza. Julian Rose at Harrods.

" White ice " brocade with crystal embroidery by Arthur Banks at Harrods. Rhinestone necklace by Jay's, London.

In the Gracious Manner

FOR the grande toilette Victor Stiebel has designed the full-skirted blue brocade in the centre with a spill of petunia drapery. To wear under robes or as a ball dress the white and silver bead-encrusted dress on the left is slender and straight. The smoky blue satin jacket is cuffed with cocoa fox. The orchid mauve coat of lustrous satin has prodigious cuffs of black fox which extends across the back in a cape effect

Gardens Of

The Elizabethan Knott garden at New Place, Stratford-on-Avon, is projected upon a background scene of black-and-white Tudor architecture

England

From noble park to cottage strip few places rival the quiet of an English garden

A reminder of the typical cottage garden anywhere, with its well-filled borders, flagged path and neat hedge, shaded perhaps by an old gnarled fruit tree

Smooth grassy walks and flower beds with fragrant lavender and lilies complete the charm of an old walled garden

Country Life

Country Life

A great cedar, throwing cool shadows on to the ground, and evergreens elaborately clipped into fantastic geometric shapes are each in their own way typical of the English garden

Would you like

Antiques in your Home?

ANTIQUE furniture has a fascination for a great many people including those who make a study of it and many who do not.

On the whole, there are far more who just "love old furniture" and know very little about it than there are experts who can pick a genuine piece. It is for the less experienced in detecting antiques that I write; for those who hanker to own a piece or two, but fear perhaps to take the plunge.

There are certain pieces of furniture which seem to have a popular appeal. For instance, it is to the late eighteenth-century that the longing eye is often cast. The tripod tables, the dainty—and so useful—tables with a flap at each end often wrongly described as "sofa" and bow-fronted chests are much sought. For this very reason and the fact that many of these pieces are of practical proportions tends to raise the price.

NEVERTHELESS the untutored admirer of these pieces continues to look at them with envy, hoping to possess but fearing to buy. What is the right price to pay? This depends upon various things.

Take the small Queen Anne desk illustrated at the foot of the page—it is a type much sought after because it is dainty and small. If really genuine this might cost anything from two hundred to three hundred pounds, but why be discouraged? Very similar writing desks were made in the latter half of the century. Constructed of mahogany these cost far less than the earlier examples in walnut. Unless one is bent upon owning heirloom pieces, a desk of a later vintage will serve equally well.

Bear in mind that full sets and pairs if genuine and in good condition may cost a great deal of money, whereas incomplete sets are far nearer the average pocket. For instance, single chairs of Hepplewhite or Sheraton date can be found at a possible cost while full sets are way beyond the average purchaser. Several odd chairs of the eighteenth century will furnish a dining-room attractively and might well be picked up separately or in two pairs.

Pembroke tables (those with two side flaps) are popular because of their size and adaptability to modern rooms. The price varies according to the type of wood and the condition, but slight imperfections and small repairs reduce their value to the connoisseur, though they are still acceptable to the less particular buyer. The writer has one which was picked up years ago by a relation who was searching for a table for his workshop. He found the very thing for his needs in a junk shop. It was thickly covered with paint. The owner was reluctant to part with it as he used it for his paint pots, but after some persuasion agreed to part with it for five shillings. The new owner scraped and polished it and found to his delight and surprise that it was of eighteenth-century date and of Spanish mahogany, a wood just then newly discovered. The value of that table today is between £35 and £40. Such is not everybody's luck, though all lovers of old furniture dream of such things.

This table happened to be an early and particularly attractive piece and of fine wood, but later tables in the same style in one of the lesser woods can be picked up for something in the region of £20, less if the condition is not too good. Modern copies often cost as much.

REGENCY furniture has been very much the fashion in the last few years but there is sometimes confusion between French and English Regency. French Regency denotes the period during the first half of the eighteenth century when Louis XV was too young to carry out the duties of monarch. English Regency embraces the period from the early nineteenth century up to 1820, during which time the Prince Regent (afterwards George IV) ruled for his father George III.

The furniture of this period was based upon the ancient Greek forms and fancies; that is why being in some respects unique in style it is much sought after. The fashionable "decorator's interior" has been based upon the Regency style for a few years now. Regency stripes and Regency curtain treatments have been all the rage, which means that the price of them has hit the ceiling. But fashions fade and it is quite conceivable that a year or two from now

Early walnut desks, if genuine, are costly, but later ones in mahogany are attractive and nearer the average purse

By

Stanley Howard

A basement kitchen transformed with old china and eighteenth-century furniture

the phase will have passed away and the furniture of that period will have dropped in price.

THE antique chest of drawers is always popular. Again it is practical, but if you are hoping to become a possessor of a nice chest remember that there is a wide range of choice and prices.

Those in veneered mahogany or satinwood with a serpentine front are pretty well beyond the reach of average purchasers, but bow-fronted pieces and straight fronts are priced up to £50 or £60. Walnut chests of Queen Anne period fetch very high prices, but later ones can be very attractive.

Original handles on a chest of drawers increase the price considerably, partly because they are seldom found. The reason is that in the long ago when brass became scarce, many handles were removed, sold and replaced by turned wood knobs. These, in turn, were replaced by brass handles of considerably later date.

It is possible in most cases to tell where a replacement has been made by looking inside the drawers where marks of former handle spindles will show themselves. Sometimes one can discern on the drawer face the mark where earlier handles have been fixed and the marks skilfully covered with pieces of veneer.

All these points help to determine (*Continued on page 78*)

This early eighteenth-century bookcase has all the practical qualities most sought today

Eighteenth-century chests of drawers and flap tables are much sought to furnish the modern bedroom

"Bearded Like The Pard"

By ALAN BRIEN

Henry VIII

Assyrian Beard

The Prophet

The Beaver

LIKE most men I used to be rather patronizing towards women's fashions. "I'd like to see Schiaparelli forcing me into knee-length pantaloons" was how I put it. "Or making me feel ashamed of my blue birds-eye suit just because it is a 1946 model." I prided myself on belonging to the rational sex which wore what it liked when it liked. Now I know better. Because for six months I was snubbed and pitied, mocked and persecuted by my fellow countrymen because I refused to obey the contemporary fashion in male dress.

When I entered a restaurant everyone stopped eating and stared at me. Red-faced jovial men guffawed. Smart, attractive women gave me a quick glance and then scratched themselves surreptitiously. When I stopped an old lady in the street to ask the way, she hurried off muttering, "Be off, you vagabond." Bus conductors bellowed obscure instructions in my ear about "Cherrencrawss, Stren and Spalls," treating me as a foreigner and therefore a deaf imbecile.

This I suffered all because I had thoughtlessly revived an old Elizabethan habit and grown a beard.

In the sixteenth century, I reasoned, every man of note was bearded; the Shakespeares and the Raleighs, the Cecils and the Dudleys. The Elizabethan barbers were as versatile and adventurous as the Mayfair women's coiffeur today. Their advice to men on beard styles reads exactly like the beauty page in a woman's magazine.

WRITING in 1587, William Harrison describes "the variety of beards, of which some are shaven from the chin like those of the Turks, not a few are cut short like the beard of the Marquess of Otto, some made round like a rubbing brush . . . or now and then suffered to grow long, the barbers being grown to be so cunning in this behalf as the tailors. And therefore if a man have a lean and straight face, a Marquess of Otto's cut will make it broad and large; if it be platter-like, a long slender beard will make it seem narrower; if he be weasel-beaked, then much hair left on the cheeks will make the owner look big like a bowdled hen."

Those were the good old days. Now a bearded man is a freak, rather like a bald woman. For some reason, snarling at the back of the mind is an irrational prejudice against hair on the face today. Women especially seem to regard a beard as a nasty habit, rather more contemptible than nail-biting, but not quite so harmful as opium eating. The bearded man is to the feminine mind a somewhat unsavoury cross (*Continued on page* 84)

The Oriental

Shakespeare

Elizabethan Beard

Karl Marx, or the Beard of Revolution

The author as visualized by the artist

Lowen

Floor-length curtains at a short window give added height to a shallow room

Curtains Going Up

A professional look to home-sewn curtains depends upon the "tricks of the trade" rather than on any special skill. Here are some sound tips from an expert

Though the fabric is substantial a lining ensures longer life and a better hang

IT'S June and suddenly the windows become the focal part of your room. Immediately on entering, the eye goes straight towards them, as to the fireplace in winter. And if the eye sees shabby, worn curtains, the hands must set to, and put this right.

Today, with the shops full of attractive, reasonably priced curtain fabrics new curtains can be quite an inexpensive affair, if you make them yourself. And what a lift they give to a room—it is almost as if the whole place has been done over.

But forget the idea that making curtains is just a matter of turning up a couple of hems while you listen to the play on the radio. It may involve little more work than that, if you use no lining. But even that amount must be done with care, and by keeping to the yardstick.

The ultimate success of your curtains depends on accurate measurements, careful checking, proper hanging, unpuckered seams, good pressing, sufficient fullness—rather go without than skimp.

Remember to tack and press at every necessary stage. Yes, it is a bore, but one that pays dividends.

Work out the yardage precisely, so that you have neither too much nor too little material. Match your curtains carefully to one another. One a quarter of an inch longer than the others is a careless betrayal of the entire job.

* * *

A TAPE measure sometimes curls up or slips, so fix yours with drawing pins to a broom handle, and measure the windows in comfort. If you're not tall and your windows are, it stops you falling off the ladder at this stage. You've always time to fall off when you hang the curtains.

Measure then, from the top of the curtain runway, allowing an additional six inches for hem and heading—and another four inches for a more important heading, if you are not using a valance or pelmet.

Floor-length curtains should just skirt the floor; sill-length curtains vary according to the type of window. They clear it for a wide, shelf-like sill, and extend to three inches below for the narrow type.

Your material must be at least one and a half times window width—going to the extreme edges of each frame. Make allowances for side hems and any necessary seams. Slash the selvedges to stop puckering. Some people do away with them altogether.

For large-patterned fabrics there must be enough material to allow for a natural continuity of design throughout. Watch for the repeat. If, say, it comes every nine or twelve inches, calculate the quantity required in multiples of this unit.

It saves time and money not to line your curtains; (*Continued on page* 81)

A blue-and-white check gingham with its own wool cardigan bound to match. Spectator Sports at Woollands, Knightsbridge. Approx. 7 guineas. Gilt chain bangle, 12s. 11d., at Jays, Regent Street. Below: A field flower print for Horrockses cotton with a wide skirt and a young, off-shoulder neck. About £4 14s. 6d., at Hunts, New Bond Street. White china beads and ear-clips, 15s. 11d. and 13s. 6d. at Jays

THE basic requirements of successful holiday clothes, however they may differ in detail, is that they should be easy to wear, yet retaining a quality which enables the wearer to feel well dressed at the most informal times.

Here are some good examples for holidays at home and abroad.

Resort Wear

Top: Frederick Starke, who designed them, calls these sunshorts "Boufes." Matched with a circular skirt. Approx. £14 14s.

Top right: Jantzen's new bra section gives comfortable support and a becoming neckline. In Nilopoint fabric, £3 3s., at Selfridges, London. Raffia hat, £1 1s., at D. H. Evans. Gold terry stole, £2 19s. 11d., from Dickins & Jones

Right: Blue-and-white jeans by Londonus, £1 19s., at Swan & Edgar, with a piqué blouse, 26s. 11d., at Dickins & Jones. Raffia hat, 24s. 11d., at D. H. Evans

Styled

A style by Steiner for fine hair, softly curled at the sides and augmented with an added chignon bun

WOMEN demand two things of a hair style. It must be pretty to look at and easy to look after. An elaborate set which needs constant fixing is no use to either the busy woman or the sports-woman.

It is everyone's dream to have hair so cleverly styled that it can be shampooed at home, towelled dry, needing only a comb to set it back into place. It can be done. The secret lies in choosing a style to suit the individual type of hair. A set which follows the natural inclination of the hair is more likely to take care of itself than something which goes against the grain, as it were.

Mary Martin, the star of *South Pacific*, found herself a style which could be washed in public every night and still look attractive. If yours is the kind of strong, wiry hair which turns up naturally or can be induced to do so with a good perm, you can adopt the same kind of style. But if you have the kind of hair which goes limp and greasy soon after a shampoo, then a Mary Martin act will only add to your problems instead of solving them. It is better instead in this case to capitalize the smoothness and sleekness of the hair in a style which looks its best when brushed sleek and shining close to the head.

IN choosing an easy-to-handle style, first decide what you can reasonably expect of your hair, and what is going to be quite impossible. For instance, soft hair, or hair which gets greasy quickly, will not lend itself to brushed-up curls, but it *will* lie sleekly against the head. On the other hand, strong, wiry hair can be cut short in something like the casual cut by French

Only the lightest perming of the ends is required for this smooth crowned head by Vasco

Curl-resistant tufts of hair behind the ears can be shingled and the top hair curled over

to stay

of London, in the picture on the right, and kept in "artistic disarray" with brushing.

It is possible and, indeed, essential to capitalize the natural movement of the hair. If the style follows the natural inclination of growth, then it is more likely to stay in place. This goes for straight hair as well as the wavy or curly kind.

The hairline at the nape of the neck should be considered for any short hair style. A good short style always leaves the nape of the neck trim and neat. A high hairline will look better with a bobbed style than with a shingled line. On the other hand, if the hair grows rather low on the neck, it might present difficulties when the back hair is to be upcurled, although there are ways of getting over the trouble of obstinate back ends by shingling away from under the curls.

A GOOD perm is an enormous help in maintaining any hair style. But whether the hair is permed or not, good cutting is the basic necessity to any style. Only a first-class stylist can do the shaping of the hair necessary for the deceptively informal styles of today. But if the style is suited to the hair, and the hair is expertly cut, it is possible to have a manageable and fashionable head.

Beauty by Chrysis

If you have any beauty problems on which you would like advice, write, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope to Chrysis, Britannia and Eve, Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2

The new chunky cut by French of London is a style only for strong, wiry hair with a natural curl or perm

These two sleek, groomed styles by Raymond are ideal for hair which gets greasy quickly

Jigger Jacket

The jacket takes 28 ozs. of Sirdar Fast to Knit wool and is knitted on No. 8 needles throughout. Knitted at a tension of 5 stitches and 7 rows to an inch, measured over the pattern, the jacket is 26 in. long and fits a 36 in. bust

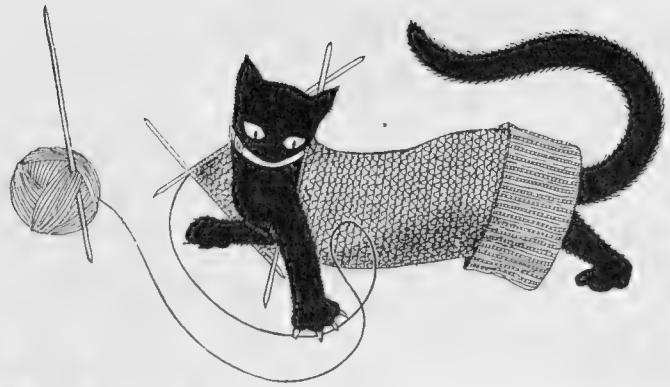
START by making the pockets. Cast on 20 sts. and work in st.st. (1 row k., 1 row p.) for 48 rows. Leave on spare needle and work second pocket to match.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 58 sts. and work as follows :—

1st row.—K. 1, p. 1, k. 1, (p. 5, k. 5) 5 times, p. 5.
2nd row.—(K. 5, p. 5) 5 times, k. 5, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1.
Rep. these 2 rows twice.
7th row.—K. 1, p. 1, k. 1, (k. 5, p. 5) 5 times, k. 5.
8th row.—(P. 5, k. 5) 5 times, p. 5, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1.
Rep. these 2 rows twice.

(*Continued on page* 78)



This jersey takes 10 ozs. Lister's Lavenda 3-ply, one pair of No. 11 and No. 12 knitting needles. Worked at a tension of 8½ stitches and 12 rows to one inch measured over the stocking stitch on No. 11 needles, the jersey fits a 34-in. bust

Melon Sleeves

Photographed by Michael Williams

COMMENCE at the lower front casting on 124 sts. on No. 11 needles. Do not work into back of sts. Work 2 in. st.st.

Turn under work horizontally and k. tog. 1st st. of row with 1st st. of cast on row.

Cont. in this way to end of row, forming a small hem. Work 1 row.

Dec. at each end of next and every following 8th row 4 times in all (116 sts.).

Cont. until work measures 3½ in. from beg.

Change to No. 12 needles and work 3 in.

Change back to No. 11 needles and inc. at each end of next and every following 4th row 17 times in all (150 sts.).

Cont. until work measures 12½ ins. from beg.

Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows and 3 sts. at beg. of following 2 rows.

Take 2 tog. at each end of next 7 k. rows (120 sts.).

Cont. until work measures 19¼ ins. from beg.

Next row.—K. 56, cast off 8 sts., k. 56.

Cont. on these sts., taking 2 tog. at neck edge for 9 rows.

Next row.—K. 2 tog., work to last 12 sts., cast off 6, k. 6.

Next row.—P. 6, cast on 6, work to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog.

Work 2 rows st. st.

Next row.—K. to last 24 sts., cast off 6, k. 18.

Next row.—P. 18, cast on 6, work to end.

Work 2 rows st.st.

Next row.—K. 9, cast off 6, k. to end.

Next row.—P. 30, cast on 6, p. 9.

Next row.—Cast off 3, k. to end.

Cast off 7 at beg. of next 6 p. rows.,

Work up second shoulder to match, rev. all shapings.

BACK

Work as for front until completion of armhole shapings.

Now work up straight until work measures 21½ ins.

Next row.—K. 54, cast off 12, k. 54. P. back.

Next row.—cast off 3, k. to end of row. P. back.

Rep. these last 2 rows twice and 1st row once more.

Cont. on remaining 42 sts. for 1 in.

Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 6 p. rows.

Work up second shoulder to match, rev. all shapings.

SLEEVES

Cast on 84 sts. on No. 12 needles and work 2 ins.

Make hem as for body of work.

Next row.—P. 3 (p. twice into each of next 2 sts., p. 1) 26 times, p. 3 (136 sts.).

Change to No. 11 needles and cont. until work measures 10½ ins. from beg.

Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows and 3 sts. at beg. of following 2 rows, then take 2 tog. at each end of next 48 rows.

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces under a damp cloth. Turn under three stitches of the flange at the neck and bind with silk bias binding. Neaten back of neck and shoulder in the same way. Lap front shoulder over back for 1½ ins. and secure at the armhole edge. Set sleeves into the armhole. Seam side and sleeve seams. Neaten buttonholes, sew on buttons and run an elastic through the hem of the sleeve.

NOW, how are you going to receive your guests? When the doorbell rings will you shriek : "Oh, my goodness ! They're here already !" and urge your menfolk to keep "them" in conversation while you rush upstairs and dab your nose with powder, knowing all the time that no amount of powder is going to conceal the boiled look which you have acquired during your frenzied bout of cooking? Then, when you finally descend to the sitting-room, will you sip your sherry distractedly, while your mind races back all on its own to the kitchen, where you just know things are boiling over and stuff is burning in the oven? It's difficult, if not impossible, to remain calm in such conditions. And yet what you want, above all, is to receive your guests looking serene and ladylike. You want to provide your friends with a memorable meal, and most of all you want your women friends to go away feeling enviously that they don't know *how* you do it ! Now go on ! You know you do !

All this demands a party plan. First of all, accept the fact that such help as you can get in the kitchen will be limited, if not non-existent. Secondly, accept the fact that your guests are almost certainly in the same boat when *they* give parties; which means, of course, that their sympathies will be with you, but whether explicit or implicit depends on the warmth and informality of your friendships. I can't help you there, but I can, I think, be of some assistance when it comes to planning well in advance.

MOST of the cooking for the following meal can be done the day before, which leaves you free to decorate your room, fix the flowers, make the salad and so on, the day of the party. On the day before, the really important day, you'll do all the hard work. You'll make the soup, cook the main dish, and if a cold sweet is to be your choice you'll make that, too. If you want to show off a bit, however—and if you have enough confidence—you may prefer to finish with a really showy sweet like *Crêpes Suzette*. Finishing in a blaze of glory, so to speak.

The suggested menu is as follows :

Chilled Crème Vichyssoise
Glazed Tongue
Green Salad
New Potatoes
Crème Caramel or Crêpes Suzette

The agenda for the first day :

Glazed Tongue. Place the tongue in a large pan, cover with cold water; cut up one carrot, one turnip and one small onion, and add, together with a bouquet of herbs (parsley, thyme, rosemary and one bayleaf). Bring to the boil, skim, and then allow to simmer gently for 2½ hours. Leaving this to itself, start on the soup.

Crème Vichyssoise. Melt a couple of tablespoons of margarine, and stir in three leeks and one onion, all cut fine. Cook slowly in the fat, but do not allow to brown. The vegetables must be cooked till they are transparent. Add a quart of white stock (you can use a proprietary brand of clear chicken broth, if you have no white stock available). Add two potatoes, thinly sliced, season with pepper and salt and cook slowly till the potatoes have disintegrated. Rub the lot through a sieve. Cool, then add a teacup of cream or top of milk, or else a cup of unsweetened evaporated milk. Pour into soup bowls, and sprinkle some chopped chives and parsley on top. Leave to chill in a really cold place, or in the refrigerator.

Now let us return to the tongue. When sufficiently cooked, drain, plunge into cold water and immediately skin it. When it is cold, brush over two or three times with cool but unset aspic. Allow the glaze to set, place the tongue on the dish from which you will serve, and decorate to your taste with creamed butter, chopped aspic jelly, cubed cucumber, a few sprigs of parsley. Place this, too, in a cool pantry or frig. If you are going to add colour to the dish with small tomatoes, do not put these on the dish until the following day.

If *Crème Caramel* is your choice for a sweet, you now prepare this.

Put fifteen lumps of sugar into a small saucepan, add three to four tablespoons of hot water, dissolve *slowly*, and then bring slowly to the boil. Now boil this syrup gently till it is deep gold in colour. Warm an appropriate number of small moulds, and as soon as the caramel is ready pour a little into the bottom of each and allow to set. Then grease the sides of the moulds. Heat half a pint of milk, adding a tablespoon of castor sugar; beat up two eggs, and beat in the milk mixture, which must be warm, but not hot. Strain this into the prepared moulds. Cover each mould very carefully with a twist of buttered paper and steam very gently for half an hour. They must on no account boil. Then take the moulds out of the steamer, allow to cool for about ten minutes. Then unmould each into a separate dish. Put in a cool place. This recipe makes four moulds. If you want more, adjust your quantities accordingly.

That is the end of the first day's work. You may now take your bath, cream your face, set your hair, and go to bed !

Now for the day of the party. You will prepare the new potatoes in the morning, leaving (*Continued on page 74*)

A plan for keeping a cool head at Coronation parties

By Janet Darby

AUCKLAND
GISBORNE
TARANAKI
HAWKES BAY
WELLINGTON
TASMAN SEA
SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN
NELSON
MARLBOROUGH
WESTLAND
CANTERBURY
OTAGO
SOUTHLAND
NEW ZEALAND
The Housewife looks to NEW ZEALAND
confident in the knowledge that while
production increases, the traditional high quality
of New Zealand Lamb is being rigidly maintained.
NEW ZEALAND
LAMB
The Best in the World

To commemorate the Coronation of

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II

... this embroidery was worked by the Royal School of Needlework for the makers of Capstan Cigarettes

W. D. & H. O. WILLS · BRISTOL

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

To Make In An Evening

Candlewick tufting gives this Tudor bonnet its attractive, soft plush effect. It is very simple to do, even if you have never worked in candlewick before. The materials required are 3 skeins of Diana Cowpe's Luxurious Candlewick Cotton in Swan White, 1 candlewick cotton needle, ¼-yd. rayon or material suitable for tufting, ¼-yd. white silk or rayon for lining

THIS candlewick Tudor bonnet is very quick and simple to make. It is shaped in three pieces, the front being cut in one piece, the back in two halves. The best material for the candlewick base is a closely woven fabric which will hold the tufting firmly.

The pattern should first be drawn out to size on squared paper from the diagram below and then cut out. Cut one front, being careful to place the pattern on the fold of the material where indicated, and two backs in both the base and the lining. Tack together, placing single notched and double notched edges together, half-inch hems being allowed all round. Fit to the head, adjust and trim to the right size. Sew with flat seams; turn under and tack raw edges.

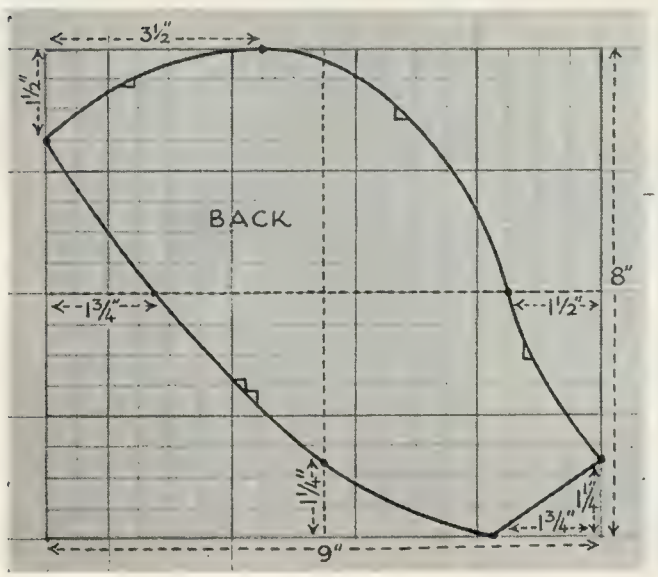
Now the base can be tufted. The tufts are formed by working evenly spaced running stitches (taking up only a tiny piece of the material at each stitch) and then cutting through the long stitches on the right side. The cut ends spring together to make the tufts. Start at the centre back seam and then work one row at a time each side of the seam. This gives even rows.

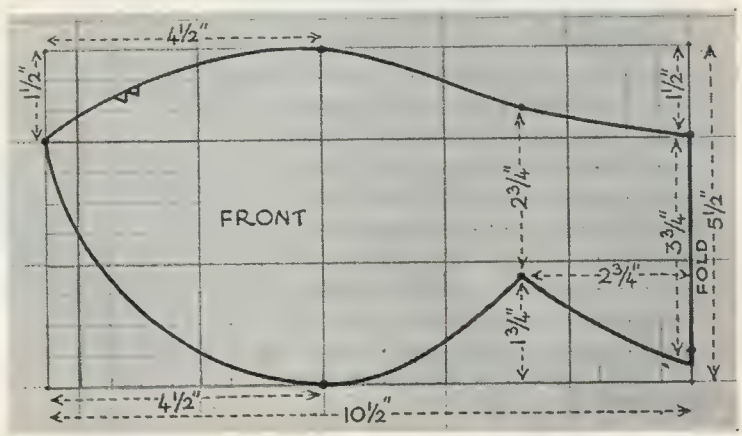
WHEN the back is finished, work the front. Start at the edge of the centre back seam and tuft down to the point at centre front. Following this row, work down to the point on one side and up from the point on the other side to correspond. When the front point is filled in, work in each side from the back seam to where the tufting finishes. Take care to keep the point well defined.

Cut all the tufts and trim all uneven ones, using a pair of sharp pointed scissors.

Fit and seam the lining and sew into the bonnet, matching seams.

IF the candlewick is evenly and closely worked, the effect will be of white fur or sheepskin. The length of the running stitches will, of course, define the depth of the pile. For instance, running stitches one inch long, when cut in half, will give half-inch tufts. The density of the pile depends on the distance between the rows of stitches. If the rows are too wide apart, the candlewick pile will be thin and patchy. The closer the rows, the thicker the candlewick will be.





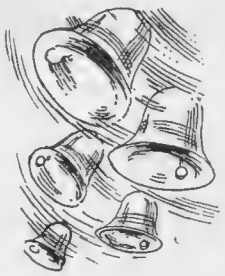
Quarter-inch ruled graph paper will be found most helpful in making the pattern from this diagram. Start by marking in all the measurements, and then join up as indicated

PREPARING THE SCENE

Some of the less obvious problems involved in preparing Westminster Abbey for the Coronation

THROUGHOUT the slowly rising crescendo of world interest in the Coronation—perhaps the greatest spectacle of its kind that this country has produced—few of us as onlookers have understood the extent and complexity of the organization behind the scenes which has made it possible.

We read of months of preparation at Westminster Abbey and are told of armies of men at work, but we hear little of the actual tasks which have been set for them. Outsiders have little idea of the task which has faced the organizers, or to what extent of detail plans have been carried to ensure that this great spectacle proceeds without a hitch.



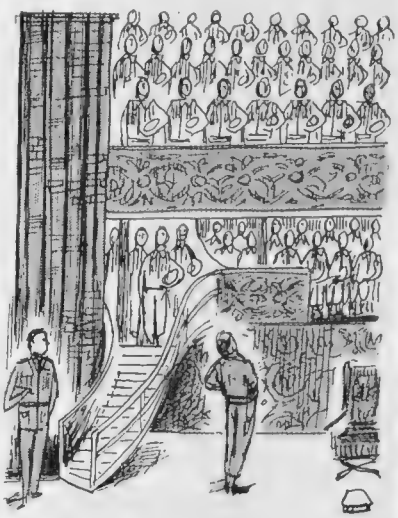
Think of the problems involved in producing such a spectacle to a split-second timing, before the eyes not only of the thousands in the Abbey but of those millions throughout the world who are viewing it by means of films and television.

Most of the responsibility for the practical preparation of the Abbey has lain with the Ministry of Works. Building the great annexe adjoining the west door, in which the Royal procession forms, and providing seating inside the church for thousands of spectators is only one of the more obvious tasks involved. There have been many more difficult ones, all of them calling for months of experiment and for the highest technical skill.

IF you were able to walk into the Abbey, down the great Nave and through the choir to the Sanctuary, it might not occur to you in all the dazzling splendour of the scene around that the soft tread beneath your feet represents in itself an enormous problem of carpet laying.

Hundreds of yards of carpet cover this enormous expanse (in addition to that which covers the floor of the great Assembly Hall in the Annexe). The carpet is woven specially wide to avoid unsightly seams and in two tones of blue. A light blue centre, ten feet wide, runs between dark blue borders. This centre "lane" is deliberately calculated to keep the procession in correct alignment.

Throughout the Abbey the general colour scheme is blue, devised in relation to the rich ceremonial robes of Her Majesty, the Bishops and Peers. In the Coronation theatre, where the actual crowning takes place upon a platform raised by three feet above the level of the floor, the carpet is plain gold, a colour taken from the ground of an old Chinese carpet.



In a building as ancient as this, depressions worn in the tile and mosaic floor increase the difficulties of carpet laying. Such depressions constitute a menace to people walking in procession and encumbered with heavy robes. Under hundreds of yards of carpet, therefore, go as many hundreds of yards of felt and, where the deeper depressions call for it, layers of sawdust to bring the surface of the floor up to a perfectly uniform level.

Gold satin has been used to line the screens; chairs and stools are upholstered in blue velvet and rich blue and gold brocatelle is draped upon balcony frontals. Final decisions about colours were taken after much experiment under floodlit conditions which on Coronation Day bring an unfamiliar brilliance to the dim lighting of the Abbey.

This solemn ceremony of crowning must take place in appropriate silence, but how can perfect quiet be assured in a congregation of thousands with television cameras, movie cameras, shuffling feet and an incalculable number of like disturbances? It can and must be, so the floors of stands must be felted, stool and chair legs insulated; boxes for B.B.C. commentators, television operators, film cameramen and press photographers have all to be soundproofed. Careful and repeated tests have been carried out to prove the silencing effect of these linings.

Lighting has in itself presented a small army of electricians with a formidable task. (*Continued on page* 64)

To the British People
on the occasion of the
Coronation of Her Majesty
Queen Elizabeth II

SWISS FEDERATION WATCH MANUFACTURERS

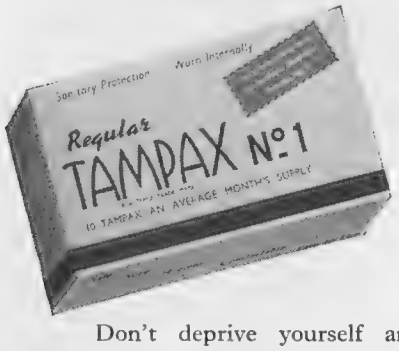
The Watchmakers
of Switzerland
send their greetings

Why didn't I try Tampax *before*?

When at last you realise that Tampax really does mean the end of chafing, discomfort and self-consciousness on "difficult days," you're bound to ask yourself "Why didn't I try it before?"

Because, once you have used it, you will *know* that Tampax is *the* most sensible method of sanitary protection. It was invented by a doctor and it's safer, daintier and far more hygienic—yet it doesn't cost any more than other forms of sanitary protection.

Tampax is *worn internally* so chafing is impossible. With Tampax you can bath, swim, dance or play games and there's nothing to worry about. Tampax is made in two absorbencies—Regular Tampax No. 1 and if you need *extra protection*, there's Super Absorbent Tampax No. 2.



Don't deprive yourself any longer of the blessings that Tampax can bring. Write to-day for a trial packet *in a plain cover*. Send your name, address and 6d. in *loose* stamps to THE NURSE, DEPT. 852, TAMPAX LTD., BELVUE ROAD, NORTHOLT, MIDDLESEX.

PREPARING THE SCENE

At the coronation of King George VI, the first at which newsreel and cinema cameras had to be accommodated, the lighting in the Abbey had a slight amber tint and was fitted with dimmers so that it could be brought up to its full intensity as Their Majesties and the Procession came up the Nave, but the present ceremony provides a still more complex problem because of the introduction of television cameras and the necessity of accommodating their lighting needs within the compass of a general plan.

Tests have been going on for months past and the result is finely balanced to serve all conflicting needs—that is the wishes of Her Majesty and the Archbishop as well as the needs of television and movies. A greater brightness is concentrated on the focal point of the theatre.

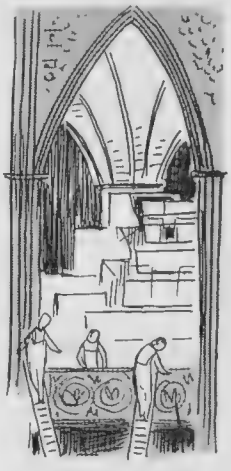
BUT lighting the Abbey does not finish the work of the electrical technicians. Microphones have to be installed in the seats of stools and other places in the Sanctuary to pick up the ceremony and diffuse it by means of loudspeakers throughout the vast Abbey. Infinite care and adjustment has been necessary to achieve a quality which is audible and yet suitable in tone to such a solemn ceremony.

Communication between officials inside and outside the Abbey is entirely dependant upon a complicated system of telephones. One line runs to a medical station outside; another to the belfry and one to the pulpitum. Military lines carry the signal for the Royal Salute of Guns to the Tower of London, St. James's Park and Windsor Castle. Telephones, at least thirty of them, have had to be provided for the use of the world's press. How else will descriptions of the scene inside the Abbey reach the public an hour or two after the event?

THE safety of many thousands of people tightly packed into a relatively small space has occupied the planners for many months. The ventilation of the Abbey, too, has had to be considered. The London Fire Brigade has stepped in with its own highly complicated organization to deal with an outbreak of fire if it occurs. At the last coronation no less than fifty-eight firemen were on duty in and around the Abbey.

Few of the occupants of the stands were aware that some of them at the ready were hidden under their seats.

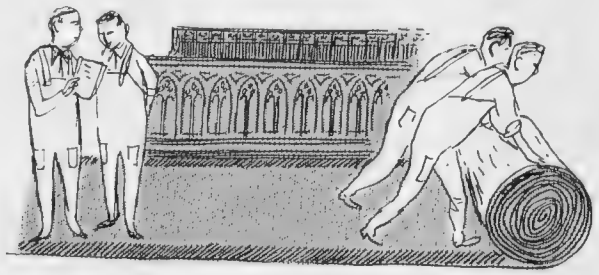
All stands have undergone rigorous tests of endurance and a thousand men from the Brigade of Guards were brought into the stands many weeks ago to stamp their feet and bounce with heavy boots upon the wooden floors.



IN 1937 an unlooked-for failure of the microphone system led to a complete breakdown of the arrangements for getting the crowds of visitors out of the Abbey. To add to the general confusion it rained and many hours after the ceremony, harassed peers were seen to be scuttling through Westminster in robes and coronets without even the protection of an umbrella, much less a car.

For this occasion elaborate arrangements have been laid on to avoid a breakdown and temporary exits have been organized. Higher stands in the Abbey will empty through special exits contrived at window level, and a bridge has been constructed to span the street between the Abbey and the House of Lords to provide a quick get-away for the Peers.

So, with a host of other details the organization of the great show has been met. No single item has been forgotten, not even the perky London pigeons, for whose exclusion from the Abbey interior special precautionary arrangements have been made.



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Zephyr 6

MONTE CARLO RALLY WINNER

Hat and Dress by Ronald Paterson

My lovely new Zephyr Six! Exciting to see — a dream to drive — the Zephyr is *so* far ahead!

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Trust

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for the loveliest skin care under the sun

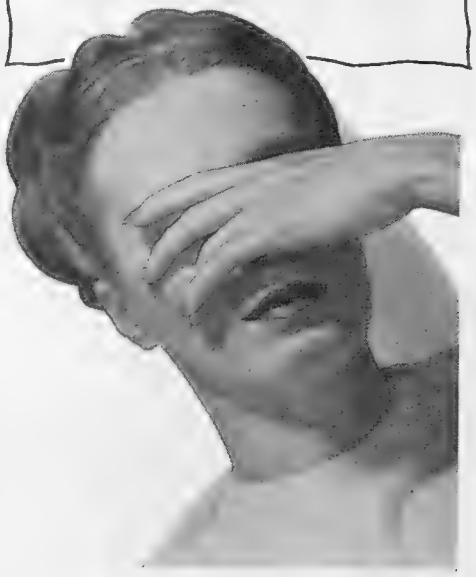
With the aid of fragrant, soothing Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream you will enjoy every moment of your sunbathing. For this emollient cream filters the sun's harmful rays and helps you to tan a golden brown without discomfort. But if sun-tan has no appeal for you, the lavish and frequent use of Sunburn Cream will prevent it. In fact used in addition to Dorothy Gray cleansing, stimulating and nourishing preparations, Sunburn Cream will ensure a lovely skin for you all summer.

Sunburn Cream

by

DOROTHY GRAY

and basic beauty aids for every type of skin



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The Adornment Of The Queen

(*Continued from page 15*)

large pear-shaped pearls which hang below the finial, are said to have been from earrings worn by Elizabeth I.

In the head of the Sceptre with the Cross, the sceptre which signifies the Royal might and power, is the great Star of Africa, the largest of the four diamonds cut from the Cullinan diamond. The staff itself is wreathed with sprays of gold and blazing gems, enriched by rings of enamel, topped by an enormous amethyst orb faceted all over with gold and diamonds. The Sceptre or Rod with Dove, is much simpler in design in keeping with its symbolism of equity and mercy.

Some authorities consider that the Orb is really another version of the Sceptre with the Orb, especially as it does not seem to appear in the regalia which was broken up by Cromwell. However, it will be handed to the Queen when she is clothed with the Imperial Mantle, a great golden sphere surmounted by a diamond cross, signifying the world ruled by Christianity.

THE bracelets and the Ring of Kingly Dignity are strangely appropriate ornaments for a Queen Regnant to wear. The Ring has been called the wedding ring of England and is worn on the Sovereign's fourth finger of the right hand, which was in fact the wedding finger until Tudor times. The Bracelets once probably served to secure the stole to the Sovereign's arms, but now they have no practical purpose but remain a symbol of the firmness with which the Queen will fulfill her obligations. The gold bracelets, enamelled and adorned with roses, fleur-de-lys and harps and edged with pearls, originally made for Charles II, will not be used by the Queen as she has been presented with new ones by the Commonwealth countries.

The sequence of robes which the Queen will wear follow a traditional order. She arrives in crimson and departs in purple. During the most sacred part of the ceremony, she is clothed in cloth of gold. In crimson she is acclaimed, in gold she takes the Coronation Oath, in purple she rides through the streets to receive the homage of her people.

The Purple Robe of State is the Queen's own personal attire, and has been specially designed and made for her by the Royal School of Needlework.

The gold vestments used during the act of crowning, however, are traditional. The Supertunica is cloth of gold worked in gold thread, the Armil or Stole and the Imperial Mantle are embroidered with national emblems. The Armil illustrated, which has been used at previous coronations, will not differ essentially from the actual one to be worn by the Queen. The Glove, which in the past was the traditional gift from the Lord of the Manor of Worksop, was embroidered and worked with his coat of arms.

In the border of our illustration, the artist has incorporated the motif to be used on the purple velvet hanging in the Abbey. The wreath, the crown and the Tudor rose will be worked in gold, to make a rich background setting for the whole colourful ceremony.

END

Pen-friend

(*Continued from page 36*)

repeatedly that it was a business arrangement and not a romance. All the same, her heart was racing unaccountably as she stood amongst strangers, waiting for the train. She put it down to the smoke smells and the noise and the night journey behind her. . . . It hadn't occurred to her to make herself attractive. Besides, she was six years older.

Mark McKinley! What would he be like, the man behind the pen? He had opened the correspondence by explaining how a Parish magazine from an obscure English village had come into his hands, suggested—almost diffidently—that her mushrooms were (*Continued on page 68*)

Trust

DOROTHY GRAY

to bring new beauty to your lips

You'll revel in Dorothy Gray's newest lipstick shade, "Regalia Rose". It's perfect for summer—rose red, vibrant, accenting your sun tan and the exciting fashion colours. "Regalia Rose" is the latest lip tone. Wear it with petal-soft "Sheer Velvet" foundation for the make-up theme of 1953!

Regalia Rose

LIPSTICK

by

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Individual make-up and salon treatments at:—
32 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.
And in Paris and New York.

some features in the JULY issue

PEOPLE IN MINIATURE

An intriguing story, with illustrations in colour, of hand-made models in miniature portraying contemporary and historical personalities. The dolls were constructed by Lillian Lunn with thousand upon thousand of tiny stitches in wool. It is far more than doll making. It is sculpture in stitchery.

VARIATIONS ON A CHOCOLATE BOX

A colour feature on the evolution of the chocolate box and its amusing reflection on the changing social scene since the first picture box was designed by Richard Cadbury in 1868.

A KITCHEN MADE FOR YOU

An article which argues that a kitchen must be adapted to a woman's own tastes and the needs of her particular household.

"RINGS ON HER FINGERS"

The "gifts" that lie in the archives of London's most fashionable jewellers, provide intriguing and amusing stories from the past and the present.

RAKING UP THE PAST

Mawnan Smith writes on the fascinating pastime of tracing one's family into the past and tells the story of the Society of Genealogists who aid an increasing number of their members to find out "how they growed."

FASHION • BEAUTY • COOKERY
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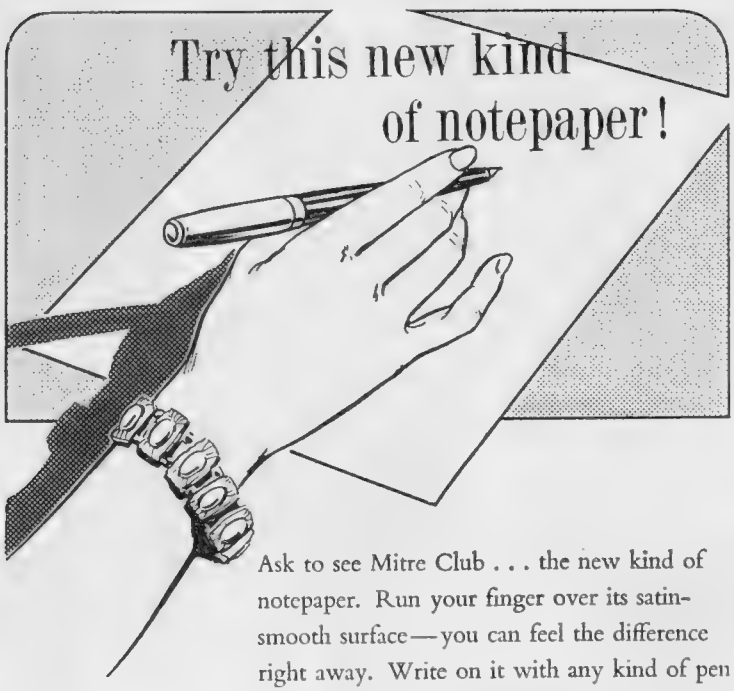
The next issue of BRITANNIA and EVE will be on sale July 1—Order it Now!



Ask to see Mitre Club . . . the new kind of notepaper. Run your finger over its satin-smooth surface—you can feel the difference right away. Write on it with any kind of pen—and there's no mistaking Mitre Club. It does make writing easier.

MITRE CLUB

MAKES WRITING EASIER

Available in white and an attractive new shade of blue in three sizes of pads, and in boxes of single and double sheets with distinctive envelopes to match.

FROM ALL REALLY GOOD STATIONERS

Life with AGA

Regd. Trade Mark

ON VELVET When you put in an Aga, you put out a great big load of drudgery.

First thing in the morning, you come down to a warm kitchen, the airing is done, the porridge is made, and the kettle will boil in a twinkling.

FAR LESS WORK TO DO The Aga never goes out. No waiting for cooking temperatures. No moving parts to scour and scrape and scrub. No ' doing out the oven '. No blackleading, no horrid fumes, no clinker.

And, above all, no bother. No switches or knobs or dampers. The Aga thermostat does all the coaxing and adjusting for you.

GOOD FOOD by the feastful

ON THE TOP OF THE AGA are two big hotplates: each of them will take three 8-pint pans at a time. The boiling plate is also the fastest in the world — it boils water, from cold, at a pint a minute. As well as this, it is the grilling, toasting and frying plate. Next to it you have the simmering plate, just as big. Here nothing can boil over — not even milk.

Then there are two big ovens. The top one, for baking and roasting, comfortably takes a 20 lb. turkey — and will cook it like a dream. The simmering oven, below, is the same size. This is where you bottle fruit, and gently bring out the goodness in your soups and stews and casseroles; where you leave stock and porridge safely cooking through the night. And it will keep hot meals hot for hours without spoiling.

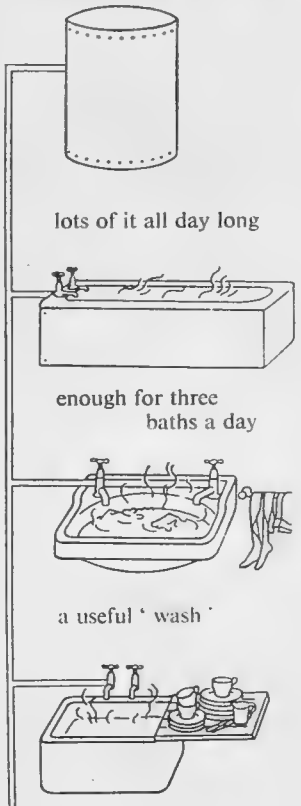
YOU SAVE A MINT OF MONEY

However much you use your Aga, it is *guaranteed* not to burn more than 3½ tons of fuel in a year. On coke (it will also burn Anthracite or Phurnacite) this comes out at about 1/- a day.

Work out how much you pay for cooking and water-heating now. Work out how much you could save by doing these things *better* with an Aga!

Suppose it saved you 1/6 a day. That is enough to buy the Aga for you. Hire purchase can be spread out over as long as five years, with instalments of as little as £2 a month and remember there is no Purchase Tax. The Aga guarantee is for *ten* years. Aga models from £90 to £123 ex works.

HOT WATER by the tun



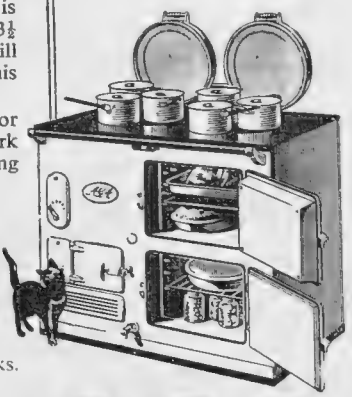
lots of it all day long

enough for three baths a day

a useful ' wash '

and all the washing up

and your cooking goes on just the same!



All this by the one fire in the AGA

Regd. Trade Mark

NOW THEN There are a hundred thousand happy people with an Aga. The first thing most of them did was to write and ask for information — and that is the first thing you should do. The address to write to is:

AGA HEAT LIMITED

58/3 Orchard House

Orchard Street, London, W.1

really *Tricholoma Nudum*, added that they were perfectly edible (as if she, a countrywoman, didn't know that !), mentioned that England, or, rather, Scotland had happy memories for him, for he was a graduate of a Scottish university. He was a schoolmaster by profession and remained Hers Truly, Mark McKinley. With the Rev. Samuel's sanction, Hannah thanked him for his information, told him she was a farmer's daughter and lived in the Fens—it occurred to her to put East Anglia, in brackets—had never travelled and was, His Truly, Hannah Blunden.

THAT was six years ago. He wrote two letters to her one, but gradually his easy prose and her terse sentences began to find a special place in the life of the other. McKinley became in turn Hers Very Truly, Her South African Penfriend, Her Affectionate Penfriend, Her Ever Devoted—and, at last—Her Loving Mark. They had much in common—hard work and a sense of service to others. Poverty in childhood (Hannah had been a child between the wars, when farming was generally bankrupt). They liked music—both sang in the choir. They acknowledged certain Christian principles, Mark more clearly than Hannah. They did not meddle in politics. They loved children. . . .

Fragments of their letters came back to Hannah as she waited on the cold station. It was rather a shock to realize that with the appearance of Mark in person, the letters would come to an end. Hannah stared at a huge advertisement for lavender soap and told herself firmly that she was glad, or she soon would be.

"We have hens, a flock of sheep and four cows because we're mixed, not dairy," she'd written, years ago. "We grow mostly beet, barley and potatoes. I like to have a few flowers, but in a bad winter bulbs are washed away. I'm thirty-two, never was pretty, but am very strong. I drive and service our tractors and van. Also milk and bake, etc. I run the choir and the girls' camp and outing. Dad's getting on. I'm afraid I haven't read the poetry you mention, even Shakespeare. . . ."

"I live about twelve miles from Johannesburg," he'd told her. "My family were very poor, and sometimes it was difficult to find space and quiet to study. My school's overcrowded now, so I know just how the children feel. I have a hundred boys and forty-two girls, most of them keen to learn, and a handful who could be brilliant. In the dry season, they come to school barefoot. That is not a physical hardship here—it's social. Housing is bad. . . . Most of the parents drift in and out of work." He went on to say that South Africa was no paradise to live in, except perhaps, for the wealthy. "It is a land of contrasts—of golden possibilities and locked doors. It is difficult not to be bitter sometimes—but I must not bore you with my personal troubles."

HANNAH was not bored, although she didn't particularly understand. She was glad enough to confide in Mark about troubles of her own, that winter. "You may have read about the bad floods here. We always expect a bit of trouble, as the marshland used to be swamp. This year the river broke its banks, so the sluices were useless. The village flooded, roofs and furniture were swept away. There was no gas or postmen. Or fresh food or collection of refuse. Stock was drowned. Coffins laid bare in the churchyard. Our own well became unfit for drinking.

"Dad died and lay a week, first in the parlour, then we had to carry him upstairs. I saved a few chickens and one cow, my oldest. The water was only a few feet in our house so plenty of others were worse off. They brought us food in boats, and came taking photographs. Then they got the soldiers working on the river. They offered to take us off in barges, but we stayed. Me and the hired men—and Dad. When the water went down he was buried and I started cleaning and the bank are making me a loan. . . ."

He wrote back at once. Not exclaiming How dreadful ! or commenting upon her loss. "I wish I had been in England, I would have come to you. I would have taken off my coat and helped. . . ." It was only what she expected, of course. The Blunden men had always taken off their coats and helped—and their shirts and boots, too, if necessary. They pulled cows from January dykes and searched for lambing ewes in snow and fought fires in thatches and haystacks. But it showed McKinley was a man, all right.

Gradually her wariness of him wore away, as in time her wariness of a new neighbour would be followed by acceptance and eventually by loyalty. She had no idea what he looked like—but he told her his age and his degrees and his salary, described his room, his love of music, his favourite books. He told her in detail of his rare holidays (almost took her with him, she felt) making her share the discomfort of a springless bus, a swim in the deserted, poster-blue sea, the discovery of a strange new bird or lizard—a snapshot of which he generally enclosed. Hannah, reading his letters at the kitchen-table, or peering at the snapshot by lamplight (the farm had never been modernized) began to think of South Africa as a real place instead of a map divided into squares marked wool, fruit, or minerals, as it hung on the schoolroom wall. Was the Veldt anything like the Lincoln wolds parched in a heatwave? Did the coloured children really sing the same Christmas carols? Inevitably, she began to conjure up McKinley's face.

RED hair. She was sure he had red hair. The Scottish name and the Scottish friends of whom he spoke so warmly probably suggested it. He was a big man—he'd mentioned his weight as a boxer. He had a gold tooth, the only one he'd ever lost. He told her he liked gay colours, and wore them. Hannah did not entirely approve of men in gay colours, but supposed it was all right in a hot climate. She looked up Johannesburg in an encyclopaedia, and learned the population and the main industries, and even the names of some of the districts and the race course. She would have liked to ask about coconuts and crocodiles in her letters, but did not wish to appear ignorant when McKinley himself was so clever. She felt sure he was cleverer than any of the teachers in King's Lynn or Spalding. . . .

The idea of going to South Africa did not occur to her until after the Catchment Board's letter, and then she was honest enough with herself to realize that "going to South Africa" meant going to Mark. Well, why not? He seemed a good, decent man and he valued her friendship increasingly, as he never failed to tell her in every letter. He, too, had spoken of loneliness and the years' passing, and interests that might be doubled if shared. His letters, without losing that touch of respect she found so proper and reassuring between friends who had not actually met, had always been warmer than hers. She had no use for coyness, no time for dropping hints.

She was getting on for forty, and she wanted a husband. She gave the matter some hard thought, then between checking a month's egg money and brewing her nightly cocoa, she wrote to him suggesting marriage, the scrubbed deal of the old table making little grooves in the paper where she pressed. At first she worried whether he should be asked to give up his job and help her with the farm, or whether she should sell out and go to South Africa. The Catchment Board's offer made up her mind.

MARK seemed incredulous she should want to marry him, and even alarmed. Modest herself, she put it down to modesty. "For years you have been my star and my hope, but I did not dare to write of love. . . . Do not come out here. There are difficulties you cannot estimate at present. Rather let me come to you. My thoughts race. My hands tremble. Dearest, dearest Hannah. . . ."

Mark's journey was made easy for him because he had just been chosen to accompany a party of teachers invited to England in the autumn. They were to be received by the Minister himself, attend a conference dealing with their special problems. . . . It was recognition of his work, Mark wrote, a fulfilment of part of his ambition. He planned to revisit old friends in Scotland afterwards, and wanted her to come, too.

It was a little difficult for Hannah, because the Catchment Board wanted the land at once, to cut the new drains as soon as harvest had been cleared. She promptly made a three months' extention of tenancy a condition of the sale. Her dress was made and her trunks packed before Mark landed in England. She did not tell him of these preparations. It was a bad thing (her own mother had said it) for a woman to appear too eager. . . .

Mark arranged the momentous meeting at a hotel, eventually, and Hannah, scared, had stayed at the farm until the last moment. She hardly understood the motives that sent her to wait for him secretly at the station. Perhaps she wanted to prepare herself a little. . . . A hundred questions crowded her mind. How long must they stay in London? What were these Scots friends like? Was a white dress suitable for a quiet wedding? Hannah Blunden. Hannah McKinley. Mrs. Mark McKinley. . . . She had written the names on the back of the *Farmers' Weekly*, then suddenly superstitious, had thrust the paper into the old-fashioned kitchen range.

THERE was a whistle and a huff of steam, and the boat-train eased itself into the station, crowded at each window with waving hands and expectant faces. The first passengers reached the barrier, most of them clutching extra coats and shivering a little against the London chill. Some were claimed loudly by friends, others disappeared amidst the crowd of suburban travellers, or dived for taxis. Porters began to stack the brightly labelled baggage. Hannah had moved forward with the crowd's movement, her heart thumping wildly under her good, outdated coat. Supposing, after all, he hadn't come?

He was one of the last off the train, and he was not alone. They were a group of five men, all of his age and build, obviously travelling together. Hannah, stupefied, recognized the clothes, the initialled case, the very gloves she had knitted herself, late at night, after she had closed her account books and the fire was low. . . . He peeled one of them off to fumble with his ticket, and she heard his voice. "Well, I think you ought to be more charitable. . . ." An ordinary, educated voice. Just like the wireless, in fact.

HE was gone. Passing without a glance within a yard of her, escorted now by a donnish person who had arrived belatedly to meet the group. She was left with the advice he had given another ringing in her ears. Six years, she thought dully. The farm sold, her trunks packed, her dress made. It was not the material difficulties that worried her then, it was the blow to her hopes. As if the door of a house where she had been welcome these last six years had suddenly slammed in her face, and she was alone, outside. She shivered, as if she were really alone on a dark doorstep, the wind howling over the salt polders from the black sea.

Be charitable. Well, she had no one but herself to blame, and she had suffered no damage she could be pilloried, or pitied, for. Her plans, and their defeat, would never be known to her neighbours. McKinley, rather than herself, was perhaps to be pitied. She had persuaded him into thinking he was carrying away a bride.

Perhaps his ancestors did carry off their brides. Or bought them with hides or beads or spearheads. Or perhaps his blood was too mixed now for him to have any known history at all. He was a fine man, too. Black but comely, like the psalms said. She thought she heard him call the donnish person "Sir."

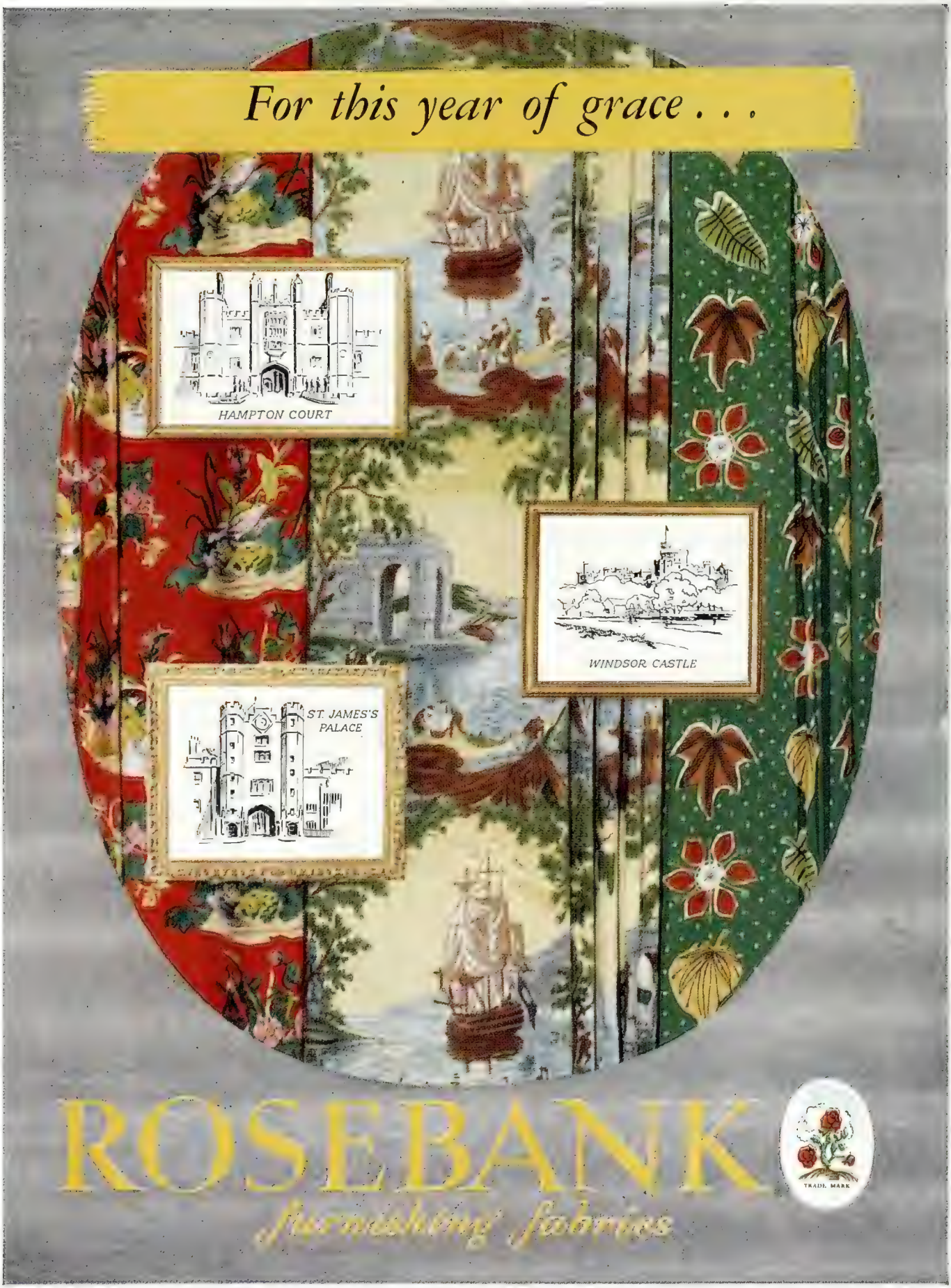
She moved away at last, her brown face a mask, her heart no longer thudding with excitement. In fact, it seemed as quiet as a reed under the winter ice. The cable giving the time and place of their meeting fell in a screw from her fingers, and the wind blew it away.

END

SEVEN PRETTY STEPS — seven lovely secrets — the seven answers to any question about undies and stockings. And *all* from Kayser Bondor. Every garment is a dream of loveliness; all are perfect in fit; all are exquisite in finish. Only Kayser Bondor can give you this luxury at prices you can afford.

KAYSER BONDOR

TAILORED WITH YOU IN MIND



Renowned for their elegance, Rosebank fabrics are guaranteed fast to light and washing ; they are hard-wearing and drape beautifully. Obtainable from leading stores and furnishers.

(Left) 3390 G 50″ printed glazed chintz (Centre) 3371 50″ printed heavy cotton satin (Right) 3315 50″ printed cotton. These fabrics are also available in other colours.

MANUFACTURED BY TURNBULL & STOCKDALE LTD., RAMSBOTTOM, MANCHESTER.

Queen Victoria's Journal (*Continued from page 28*)

Crown on my head, and the Sceptre and Orb in my hands, and we proceeded the same way as we came—the crowds if possible having increased. The enthusiasm, affection, and loyalty were really touching, and I shall ever remember this day as the *Proudest* of my life! I came home at a little after six, really *not* feeling tired.

AT eight we dined. Besides we thirteen—my Uncles, sister, brother, Späth, and the Duke's gentlemen — my excellent Lord Melbourne and Lord Surrey dined here. Lord Melbourne came up to me and said: "I must congratulate you on this most brilliant day," and that all had gone off so well. He said he was not tired, and was in high spirits. I sat between Uncle Ernest and Lord Melbourne; and Lord Melbourne between me and Feodore, whom he had led in. My kind Lord Melbourne was much affected in speaking of the whole ceremony. He asked kindly if I was tired; said the Sword he carried (the first, the Sword of State) was excessively heavy. I said that the Crown hurt me a good deal. He was so much amused at Uncle Ernest's being astonished at our still having the Litany. We agreed that the whole thing was a very fine sight. He thought the robes, and particularly the Dalmatic, "looked remarkably well!" "And you did it all so well—excellent!" said he, with tears in his eyes. He said he thought I looked rather pale and "moved by all the people" when I arrived; "and that's natural; and that's better." The Archbishop's and Dean's copes, which were remarkably handsome, were from James the Second's time; the very same that were worn at his Coronation, Lord Melbourne told me. Spoke of the Bishop of Durham's awkwardness, Lord Rolle's fall, etc. Of the Duc de Nemours being like his father in face; of the young ladies' (train-bearers) dresses; which he thought beautiful; and he said he thought the Duchess of Richmond (who had ordered the make of the dresses, etc., and had been much condemned by some of the young ladies for it) quite right. She said to him: "One thing I was determined about; that I would have no discussion with their Mammas about it." Spoke of Talleyrand and Soult having been very much struck by the ceremony of the Coronation; of the English being far too generous *not* to be kind to Soult. Lord Melbourne went home the night before, and slept very deeply till he was woke at six in the morning. I said I did not sleep well Spoke of the Illuminations and Uncle Ernest's wish to see them.

After dinner, before we sat down, we (that is Charles, Lord Melbourne and I) spoke of the numbers of Peers at the Coronation, which, Lord Melbourne said, with the tears in his eyes, was unprecedented. I observed that there were very few Viscounts; he said: "There are very few Viscounts," that they were an odd sort of title and not really English; that they came from *Vice-Comites*; that Dukes and Barons were the only *real* English titles; that Marquises were likewise not English; and that they made people Marquises when they did not wish to make them Dukes. Spoke of Lord Audley who came as the First Baron, and who Lord Melbourne said was a very odd young man, but of a very old family; his ancester was a Sir Something Audley in the time of the Black Prince, who, with Chandos, gained the Battle of Poictiers.

I THEN sat on the sofa for a little while with Lady Barham and then with Charles; Lord Melbourne sitting near me the whole evening. Mamma and Feodore remained to see the Illuminations and only came in later, and Mamma went away before I did. Uncle Ernest drove out to see the Illuminations.

I said to Lord Melbourne when I first sat down that I felt a little tired on my feet; "You must be very tired," he said. Spoke of the weight of the Robes, etc., etc., the Coronets; and he turned round to me with the tears in his eyes and said *so* kindly: "And you did it beautifully—every part of it, with so much taste; it's a thing that you can't give a person advice upon; it must be left to a person." To hear this, from this kind, impartial friend, gave me great and real pleasure. Mamma and Feodore came back just after he said this. Spoke of the Bishops' Copes, about which he was very funny; of the Pages who were such a nice set of boys, and who were so handy, Lord Melbourne said, that they kept them the whole time. Little Lord Stafford and Slane (Lord Mountcharles) were pages to their fathers and looked lovely; Lord Paget (not a fine boy) was Lord Melbourne's page and remarkably handy he said. Spoke again of the young ladies' dresses, about which he was very amusing; he waited for his carriage with Lady Mary Talbot and Lady Wilhelmina; he thinks Lady Fanny does not make as much show as other girls, which I would not allow. He set off for the Abbey from his house at half past eight, and was there long before anybody else; he only got home at half past six and had to go round by Kensington. He said there was a large breakfast in the Jerusalem Chamber where they met *before* all began; he said, laughing, that whenever the Clergy, or a Dean and Chapter, had anything to do with anything, there's sure to be plenty to eat.

SPOKE of my intending to go to bed, etc., he said: "You may depend upon it, you are more tired than you think you are." I said I had slept badly the night before; he said that was my mind, that nothing kept people more awake than any consciousness of a great event going to take place, and being agitated. He was not sure if he was not going to the Duke of Wellington's.

Stayed in the dining room till twenty past eleven, but remained on Mamma's balcony looking at the fireworks in Green Park which were quite beautiful.

Uncle Ernest, Charles, Feodore, and the Ladies and Gentlemen (like Lehzen, etc.) saw me leave the Palace, arrive at the Abbey, leave the Abbey, and return to the Palace. Got a long letter from Aunt Louise.

END

The Queen's Ladies (*Continued from page 17*)

Stole—the Coronation robes—an appointment which first appears during the reign of Charles II.

Sarah Churchill's idea of a Mistress of the Robes was that she should dominate Queen Anne—which she did for some years, until the Queen finally had to remove her from the purlieus of Kensington Palace.

QUEEN VICTORIA when she came to the Throne over a century later must have read all about Queen Anne's trouble with Sarah; but she began by defending her women. For when the incoming Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel, suggested that she change her Mistress of the Robes and some of the entourage who were the wives of his political opponents, the little Queen gave a resolute NO! And Sir Robert Peel retired and left the field to Lord Melbourne again.

The Queen finally relented, but not before a great scandal had swept through the Bedchamber. This was the case of poor Lady Flora Hastings, an unmarried lady at Court whom a whispering campaign suggested should be married in haste. Duels were threatened, and society was split in two camps, when it was revealed that the unfortunate Lady Flora was suffering from a tumour—from which she presently died.

The only other open upset in the Victorian reign was many years later when a Mistress of the Robes refused office when Mr. Gladstone was Prime Minister, but was persuaded to stay on as Acting Mistress.

The office being held by a duchess restricts the ranks from which they can be selected.

There are at least five highly decorative duchesses today more or less of the Queen's generation. There is the Duchess of Sutherland and the Duchess of Rutland, who was once a mannequin, as was the future Duchess of Buccleuch, whose marriage to Lord Dalkeith the Queen attended earlier this year. The training of a model girl might be considered most useful to Court, where decorative qualities are appreciated and the ability to move gracefully is essential (so is the ability to make themselves inconspicuous when doing duty as a lady-in-waiting).

There is the Duchess of Argyll, who was once the most beautiful débutante, and there is the Duchess of Norfolk, the wife of the Earl Marshall.

Yet perhaps the future entourage of the Queen will be found among the six young ladies who have been selected as Maids-of-Honour. How are they selected?

A CLUE may be found in the letters of Queen Victoria. She sent the names of her eight Maids to Lord Melbourne, and added: "The Queen has put down Lady Mary Talbot as being the daughter of the oldest Earl in the Kingdom (the Earl of Shrewsbury) and a Roman Catholic; and Lady Anne Fitzwilliam, as she is anxious to show civility to Lord Fitzwilliam, who has been very kind to the Queen."

There will be a Lady Anne who is an earl's daughter at this Coronation, but she will be the Earl and Countess of Leicester's Lady Anne Coke. Her mother was simultaneously appointed one of the new Ladies of the Bedchamber, with whom we will deal presently. Then there is eighteen-year-old Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton, daughter of the Earl of Haddington, and twenty-year-old Lady Jane Vane-Tempest-Stewart, the daughter of the Marquess of Londonderry. Lady Moyra Hamilton is number four and the daughter of the Duke of Hamilton.

The youngest Maid-of-Honour will be Lady Jane Heathcote - Drummond - Willoughby, the daughter of the Earl of Ancaster, and the eldest of the six will be Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill, the daughter of the Duke of Marlborough.

It is more than likely that in due course one or more of these will find their way to a Bedchamber appointment.

THE Queen is starting her reign with only six of these Ladies and Women, as against thirty-seven with Queen Victoria when she died. Several then were paid money for their duties. Today the appointments are often being changed, just as the ladies-in-waiting take their turn of duty. The exacting ceremony of the Coronation, and all the subsequent hospitality and daily engagements, will engage the attention of Lady Euston (a future Duchess of Grafton), Lady Leicester, Lady Elphinstone, Lady Margaret Hay, Lady Egerton and Mrs. Alex Abel-Smith, who served the Queen as Lady Palmer.

Reading through these lists of names one gets a glimpse of those families which, through the decades, have served the Court; cousins, aunts, daughters and wives of a comparatively small number of families. Among

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them all, is there one who might ever take on one of the biggest domestic tasks in the world—running Buckingham Palace, or the other Royal households? As once, with Queen Anne, a Groom of the Stole was translated into the Mistress of the Robes, will there ever be a Mistress of the Household? Or even a Lady Chamberlain?

It would be a formidable task to attempt to revise the economy of the Royal households just at this time, because until recently they have been running at a loss, paid first of all out of King George VI's private purse until the Government offered to shoulder £40,000 of the annual £60,000 deficit. The annual grant until then had been £410,000.

In something of the spirit with which the Prince Consort went about the job over a century ago, a Mistress of the Household might well lift her eyes at the numbers of men-about-the-house.

Perhaps after all the complex constitution of the Palace—the Lords in Waiting, the Grooms in Waiting, the Gentlemen Ushers—will remain as they were; but I can see no reason why a woman might not be appointed to three at least of the four political appointments at Court—these being the Treasurer of the Household, the Comptroller of the Household and the Vice-Chamberlain. The fourth is the Captain of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen at Arms, who is the Government Chief Whip in the Lords.

And again, perhaps it will be that the ladies around the Queen in the new reign will prove to exert their influence in the sphere of taste, fashion, entertainment, art, literature and the elegancies of life.

END

London Scene

(*Continued from page* 33)

Lane, Grosvenor House is providing similar entertainment for visitors, and John Piazzoni, the Grill Room manager, has devised several new dishes of old-time luxury to tickle their palates. Typical is *Suprême de Volaille Elizabeth*. To make it you take the entire breast of a chicken off the bone and divide it into two portions. Season with salt and pepper, and sprinkle with flour. Melt a large knob of butter in the pan, and slowly shallow-fry the chicken for about ten minutes. Add a dessertspoon of sherry and sufficient cream to cover the meat. Finally add an extra lump of butter to bind. Serve at once.

During the Coronation period, dancing at Grosvenor House will be confined to ballroom and restaurant. The famous Great Room has to be prepared for the Antique Dealers' Fair, to be opened by Princess Margaret on June 10.

The Fair transforms the Great Room into an Aladdin's Cave of treasures for the home. On the stalls are to be found perfect examples of furniture, gold and silverware, glass, china, jewellery, tapestries, carpets, books and *objets d'art* made by master craftsmen between the fifteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Nothing produced after 1830 may be included, and before a piece is put on show or offered for sale it has to be examined and passed as genuine by a Committee of sixteen experts. This year exhibits are valued at about £4,000,000.

While most of the things offered for sale are beyond the reach of the average purse, there are always some priced at under £10. Visitors who come just to admire are welcomed. The Fair is open to the public after 5 p.m. on June 10, and between 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. every day—except Sundays—until June 25. Admission is 5s.

Elsewhere in London is ample evidence that the 1953 craftsmen are in no way less skilled than those who flourished before 1830. To convince yourself you have only to visit Aspreys, the Bond Street jewellers. In their first floor showroom they are displaying a dessert service with matching coffee and liqueur sets made in solid eighteen carat gold. Designed by members of their staff and made entirely by hand, the service was produced to demonstrate that the modern goldsmith is as highly skilled as his forebears. Experts agree that no work of this quality has been done in this country for many, many years.

Each piece is stamped with the Coronation hallmark, which includes the Queen's head. This will give it an added value in days to come, but even if you decide to buy it right away it will cost you at least £40,000. Some interesting individual pieces, including two cigar boxes and a brush set in gold of different colours, complete this fabulous gold display.

HARRODS of Knightsbridge are also allowing British craftsmanship—past and present—to speak for itself. In the Central Display Hall on the ground floor, they have gathered around an outsize crown, dramatically lined with scarlet, fine examples of china, silver and antiques.

Heal's, too, are adding their tribute. Their first floor showroom is devoted to an exhibition of rooms furnished on strictly limited budgets but incorporating all the latest fashions and colours. The show proves that in furniture made today it is possible to ally economy with good design and fine workmanship.

On each of the other floors are fascinating red, white and gold medieval tents, which serve as *boutiques* to display noteworthy wares on sale in the department.

While you are there, don't miss, in the entrance hall, the long mural painting which shows, reign by reign, the growth and changing architecture of the premises from the tiny house in which the business began while George IV was still on the throne to the present spacious building.

(*Continued on page* 74)

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SELFRIDGE'S, in the elaborate decorations along the Oxford Street frontage of their store, have neatly coupled the past and future of this country. The centrepiece, above the main entrance doors, is a fourteen foot model of the Queen in the uniform of Colonel-in-Chief of the Grenadier Guards, mounted on the famous police horse Winston. In the recess behind the figure of the Queen, is a forty foot high painting of the first Elizabeth, copied from the portrait in the National Portrait Gallery.

On either side of the portrait, lettered in gold on a blue banner, are inspiring words to the country spoken by both Queens. On other panels Tudor men-of-war are contrasted with jet planes, and on the pillars, spaced across the building at each side of the central recess, giant portraits of nine typical Tudor tradesmen and women hang by the side of their present-day counterparts.

These are but a few of the things which make up the Coronation scene in London. But they, and others like them, subtly tell the story of a people who are proud of their past and—in spite of difficulties not yet fully solved—confident of the future. Their optimism is the foundation and explanation—if the critics need one—of the gaiety and seeming lavishness of this wonderful summer.

END

The Unruffled Hostess

(*Continued from page* 58)

them in cold, salted water with a sprig of mint until the evening. Put them on to cook as you sit down to your soup, and they will be ready to be dished at the same time as you start to carve the tongue. But I digress.

You are now free to prepare little glass dishes containing bitlets to dot around the table—olives, crisps, gherkins and so on. You are also free to decorate the room, prepare the flowers, make the salad and so on. Try arranging the flowers in a wicker wastepaper basket, first putting a glass dish of water inside the basket, so that the flowers won't wilt. Arrange tall sprays casual-like, so that they look nearly, but not quite, as if you had just thrown them in. Stand the basket in a corner of the room. I like to hang a bunch of multi-coloured balloons in another corner of the room. They're decorative, anyway, and if it's that kind of a party, you can pull them down to play with in due course.

If you intend to finish with *Crêpes Suzette*, you will have made your *Crêpes* in the morning of the day. Place four ounces of flour in a bowl with a pinch of salt, make a well in the centre and drop in an unbeaten egg. Add one tablespoon of oil, and gradually half a cupful of milk, beating well all the time. The batter should be fairly thin. Stand for half an hour. Now pour a little oil in a frying-pan, and pour a little of the mixture into the hot pan, making pancakes, and placing them flat one on top of the other until the batter is used up. Put the pancakes aside until you are ready to *Suzette* them. For this you will want an electric boiling ring on a small table at your side. Then—dramatic moment—*in full view of your guests*— you will take a mysterious mixture (which you have prepared an hour before), heat until this sauce liquefies, and add the pancakes—all of them. Heat through slowly. Now sprinkle in a tablespoon of brandy and light it. A lovely blue flame! Then remove the pancakes, roll quickly, and serve. And the mixture? Cream two ounces of margarine with one tablespoon grated orange, add a little lemon juice, a liqueur glassful of Grand Marnier or Orange Curaçao. Beat in one tablespoon castor sugar. That's all!

So there you are—the unruffled hostess, beautifully soignée, immaculate!

So pleased you could come, Mrs. Howdyedo!

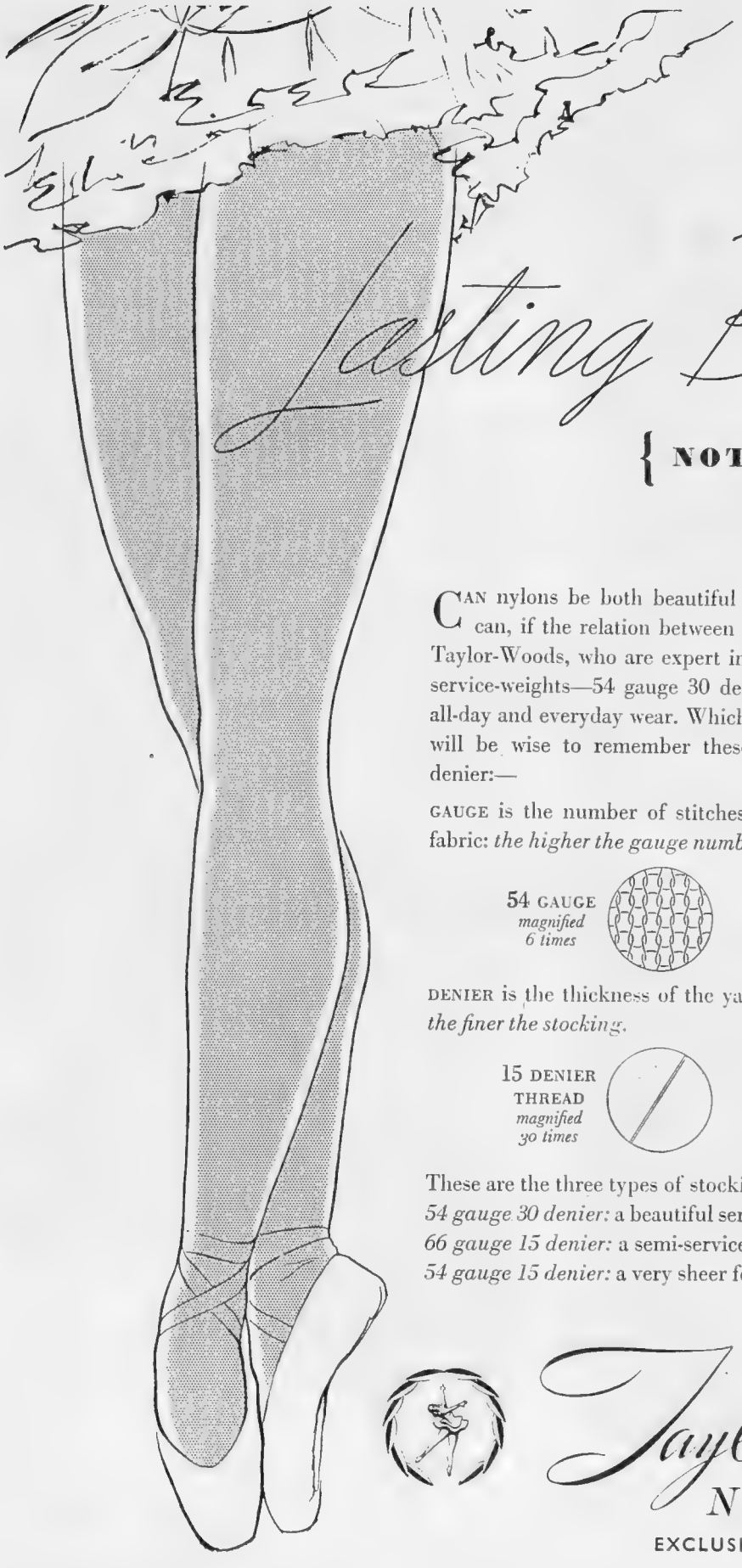
END

England's Lonely Waterways

(*Continued from page* 37)

indifferent to the stark, dramatic strength of industry's towering skylines. It is, however, also possible to hire launches of special canal design and often comic appearance to navigate yourself. With these there is the advantage of complete freedom of movement, and the ability to investigate some waters that are no longer navigable for larger boats, but you do not get the feel of the cut as you must on the traditional narrow boat.

The tradition of the cut is very strong, yet oddly enough no one seems to know precisely whence it came. The boats which the famous canal engineer James Brindley built in the second half of the eighteenth century were practically identical to those in use today. Seventy feet long with only a seven-foot beam they must, to be true narrow boats, have the cabin panels brightly decorated with conventional pictures of "castles and roses" in primitive colours. Similarly, the ram's head of the tiller must display a pipe-clayed turk's-head knot, while some also carry a horse's tail, though no one knows why. Finally, the tiller bar and the stands and cratches which support the gang planks all bear their gay geometrical patterns, while the two water cans are decorated with formal (*Continued on page* 76)



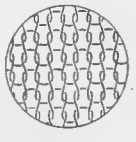
Lasting Beauty

{ NOTES ON NYLONS }

CAN nylons be both beautiful and long-lasting? Of course they can, if the relation between their gauge and denier is correct. Taylor-Woods, who are expert in this balancing feat, make lovely service-weights—54 gauge 30 denier—which are ideally suited to all-day and everyday wear. Whichever type of nylons you buy, you will be wise to remember these simple facts about gauge and denier:—

GAUGE is the number of stitches in each 1½ inches of the nylon fabric: *the higher the gauge number, the stronger the stocking.*

54 GAUGE *magnified 6 times*



66 GAUGE *magnified 6 times*

DENIER is the thickness of the yarn: *the lower the denier number, the finer the stocking.*

15 DENIER THREAD *magnified 30 times*

30 DENIER THREAD *magnified 30 times*

These are the three types of stocking which Taylor-Woods make:—
54 gauge 30 denier: a beautiful service-weight for everyday wear.
66 gauge 15 denier: a semi-service, semi-sheer for day and evening.
54 gauge 15 denier: a very sheer for evenings and special occasions.

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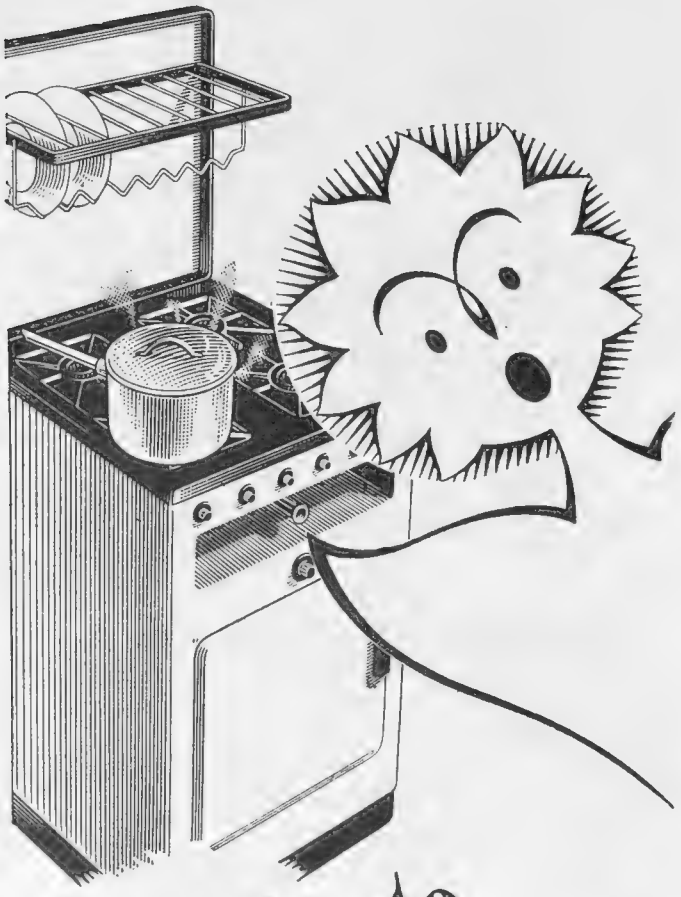

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flower paintings. No boatman worth his salt would willingly use an undecorated dipper, although some have been forced to since their boats were nationalized.

LIFE on the cut for those who make a living by it is anything but easy. Drifting along on a summer day is one thing: hustling from end to end of England in the biting winds of winter is quite another. Moreover it is lonely and withdrawn, especially since the majority of the boat people even today are illiterate, and must rely entirely on the radio for any contact with the greater world.

For the holidaymaker, of course, this sense of withdrawal has great charm, and is contributed to by a number of canal characteristics. For one thing the canals seem to make their way across country almost secretly. From them one gets an angle on the landscape which is unobtainable in any other way. They wind between the backs of town houses and past the usually unseen gardens of elegant country estates. Because they naturally lie below the level of the fields, they play strange vanishing tricks.

One has only to walk away from a canal for a few hundred yards, then turn about to find nothing whatever to indicate where it lies, except possibly the slanted rod of an angler apparently casting in the grass. Anglers are a great feature of the canal scene, sitting at week-ends literally elbow to elbow the whole length of a pound, or stretch of water between two locks, with their elaborate trays of repellent bait spread about them. They glower as the boats pass, churning up the mud.

IN the old days there were a great many inns on the cut catering solely for boatmen. Now there are a few left, and one comes upon them unexpectedly, often enough delightful Regency buildings set down in the middle of nowhere and with spacious stabling attached. These are the old coaching inns of the waterways, where a trading boat could change its horse, and where the packet boats drawn at a spanking average of 10 m.p.h. by two galloping horses, pulled up for a stage halt.

These inns still have great atmosphere, although it is sad to see only one or two pairs of boats tied up beside them, if any, and to know that were it not for the anglers they would probably go out of business. Many of those that have the good fortune to stand at an intersection of road and canal have turned their backs on the old life and opened new front doors on the busy roads. It is only if you take the trouble to walk round the sides of these houses that you see the old stabling and realize that their trade originally came from the cut.

Another charming characteristic of canal cruising is its speed, or rather lack of it. On most canals there is a speed limit of 5 m.p.h.; on some it is less. This is not so much to prevent collisions as to restrain the boats from causing a wash that would damage the banks. The result is, that accustomed as we all are to travelling at 50 m.p.h., the canal boat appears hardly to be moving at all. This impression is enhanced by the gliding motion of the butty boat which, being engineless, progresses without any noise or vibration, without even an initial jerk as the tow rope takes the strain.

It is quite possible to lie on one's back on the roof-deck of a passenger boat and not know whether it is moving or not. When watching the banks drifting slowly backwards the boat's movement has a dream-like quality, which adds to the general sense of unreality.

IT is customary for these cruising boats to travel for about five hours a day and moor up for the rest of the time in some vantage point from which land excursions can be made. This five-hour journeying does not, however, mean covering twenty-five miles per day.

It is much more likely to be ten, partly on account of the time taken to get through locks, but mostly because the little-used canals such as the Trent and Mersey are choked with mud off which the boat has to be poled, while floating islands of weeds tend to embrace the screw. In order to stop erosion of the banks it is essential to have some reeds growing in them, but a canal that offers only a narrow channel between a thick coating of weeds and water lilies, though a pleasure to the eye, is not precisely designed for maximum speeds.

Until one has been on the cut, locks are apt to loom as irritating interruptions. In point of fact they offer a welcome opportunity for a little not so gentle exercise. The knack of locking through is not something that can be acquired in one go. The balance beams which open the gates are heavy; the paddles or sluice valves with their primitive ratchets are both heavy and stiff; and the boats have to be fitted into the lock carefully, so that they are not doused by the inrushing water, or permitted to drop down on to the gate sills below water. That way a boat can break her back.

I travelled in a party wherein four members were eager to help with the locks, yet even so it took approximately ten minutes to get through. When, therefore, a riser has to be negotiated—a flight of perhaps ten locks as at Foxton on the Grand Union, covering a sharp change in level—it takes quite a time.

ACCORDINGLY it comes as something of a surprise in the evening of an energetic day's journeying, to find that the boat has covered no more than ten miles, and much of that in a semi-circle. After a very few days of this sort of thing time ceases to have any meaning; distance becomes a joke; and if by any chance one should be misguided enough to buy a newspaper, even the most lurid political news will appear to bear no relation to oneself whatsoever. I even heard of a stockbroker who gave up telephoning his office after three days on the cut.

Regency inns were mentioned earlier. They, however, are by no means the only entrancing architectural feature to be found on the cut. Owing to the fact that nearly the (*Continued on page 78*)

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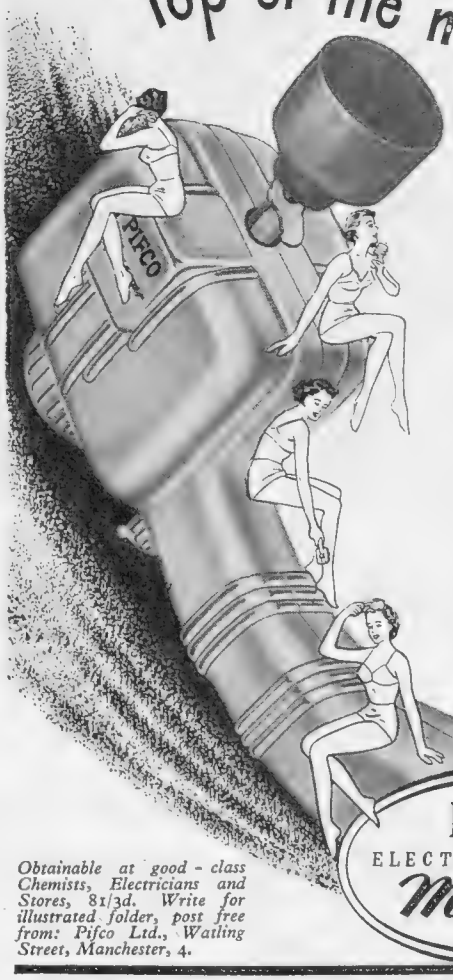

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whole of the British canal system was built between 1760 and 1830, and the incidental buildings were naturally thrown up in the style of the period, the canals have a legacy of extremely fine building.

In the remotest parts imaginable one finds lengthmen's or lockkeeper's cottages that would fetch a small fortune if they stood in a south coast town. There are, too, some wholly Georgian villages that sprang into being only on account of the canal and now, alas, are falling into decay. The hideous waste of this disuse is painfully obvious in such places as Shardlow in Derbyshire, where the great warehouses stand astride the cut, empty, silent, crumbling; great red ghosts of a past prosperity.

In a better state of preservation are the superb bridges, especially the turnovers which carry the towing path from one side of the water to the other. These bridges have the most beautiful clean lines and are the epitome of true functional design. They do exactly what is required of them with a really startling combination of economy and grace. There is a sad falling off in the taste of the later bridges put up by the railway companies when they gained control.

At the present time the future of the canals is uncertain. There is no doubt at all that they could play a vital part in a properly integrated national transport system, for they have never been out-dated, only neglected and in some cases deliberately destroyed. There is also no doubt that from a non-commercial point of view it would be well worth while keeping at least some of them open as an attractive playground; for with the increase of weekend leisure and annual holidays, the problem of what to do with free time and where to do it is becoming pressing.

England's Lonely Waterways

One or two Continental countries have already utilized some of their canals for recreation purposes, and doubtless make a profit out of pleasure boating of all descriptions, canal-side cafés and so forth. In our own country the little canal that was built as a defence against Napoleon's threatened invasion, and which runs through Hythe, is a very satisfactory landscape feature which is used for all sorts of summer junketings. Would it be too much to suggest that other towns might follow Hythe's example to improve the already present amenities for boating, bathing, canoeing and water caravanning?

END

Jigger Jacket (*Continued from page* 56)

These 12 rows form the patt. and are rep. 3 times.

On the last row of third patt. rep. patt. 20, cast off in 20 in patt., patt. 18.

Next row (49th).—K. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 5, k. 5, p. 5 (k. 12, p. 1) 3 times, p. 1, working the first 20 sts. of this patt. row after border from first pocket, which is on spare needle.

50th row.—K. 1 (k. 1, p. 12) 3 times, k. 5, p. 5, k. 5, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1. Rep. these 2 rows twice.

55th row.—K. 1, p. 1, k. 1, k. 5, p. 5, k. 5 (k. 12, p. 1) 3 times, p. 1.

56th row.—K. 1 (k. 1, p. 12) 3 times, p. 5, k. 5, p. 5, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1. Rep. these 2 rows twice.

Now rep. 49th-53rd rows inclusive, then on next (66th) row k. 45, p. 5, k. 5, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1.

Now rep. rows 55-60 inclusive, then rep. rows 49-54 inclusive, then rows 55-59 inclusive.

On next (84th) row k. 40, p. 5, k. 5, p. 6, k. 1, p. 1.

Cont. in this 18-row patt. without any dec. until work measures 16 in.

Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next wrong side row and 3 sts. at beg. of following wrong side row.

Now take 2 tog. at beg. of next 6 wrong side rows (44 sts.).

Cont. until work measures 23½ ins. (at end of 7th patt. square).

Work 8 sts. and leave on spare needle, then take 2 tog. and patt. to end of row.

Cont. on these sts., taking 2 tog. at neck edge on every row until 26 sts. rem.

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next wrong side row and 9 sts. at beg. of 2 following wrong side rows.

Work second front to match but reverse all shapings and patt., i.e., work front patt. beg. k. 5.

BACK

Cast on 93 sts. and work in basket st. as for front, beg. k. 7, and cont. p. 5, k. 5 to last 6 sts., p. 6.

Cont. in this way for 48 rows to match front.

Now work as follows:—

1st row.—K. 7 (p. 1, k. 12) 6 times, p. 1, k. 7.

2nd row.—P. 7 (k. 1, p. 12) 6 times, k. 1, p. 7.

Rep. these 2 rows 7 times, rep. 1st row once.

Next (18th) row.—K.

Rep. these 18 rows throughout.

When work measures 16 in. and patt. matches front, cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then take 2 tog. at each end of next 3 right side rows (79 sts.).

Cont. without shaping until work measures 23½ ins. and matches front.

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows.

Leave remaining 27 sts. on spare needle.

SLEEVE

Cast on 60 sts. and work in basket st. for 5¾ ins. (7 blocks). Change to patt. and work as follows:—

1st row.—K. 4 (p. 1, k. 12) 4 times, p. 1, k.3.

2nd row.—P. 3 (k. 1, p. 12) 4 times, k. 1, p. 4.

Rep. these 2 rows throughout but working every 18th row in k.

When work measures 6¾ ins. inc. at both ends of next and every following 8th row 10 times (80 sts.).

Cont. until work measures 18 ins. from beg. and patt. matches body of work.

Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. at each end of every alt. row 6 times, then on every row 21 times.

Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces on wrong side under damp cloth, taking care not to press unduly hard. Join shoulder seams. Pick up 10 sts. from right front spare needle, 19 from right neck, 27 from back, 19 from left neck and 10 from spare needle left front. Work in basket st. for 7 ins. (9 blocks). Now patt. 5, cast off 5, patt. to last 10 sts., cast off 5, patt. 5.

Next row.—Cast on 2 sets of 5 sts. above those cast off on previous row. Work 1 in. (1 block). Cast off in patt. Neaten buttonholes. Sew buttons to bottom of collar. Set in sleeves. Join sleeve and side seams. Turn under sleeve edges for 1 block and slip stitch down. Catch down bottoms and sides of pockets very neatly. Press collar and seams.

END

Elizabeth Tudor (*Continued from page* 32)

1547 his widow Katharine Parr married the handsome and dashing Sir Thomas Seymour, Baron Sudeley; and the thirteen-year-old orphan Elizabeth, a protégée of Katharine's, went to live with them at Chelsea. Seymour was a born adventurer, "of person rare, strong limbs and manly shape," and it was perhaps understandable that the young Princess should have been a little dazzled by his charms.

Unscrupulously, Seymour encouraged the girl's infatuation; and soon his attentions, his visits to her bedchamber, their indiscreet horseplay—in which Katharine unaccountably sometimes joined—began to be talked about. And when Katharine, now pregnant, surprised them in each others' arms it was clear that their questionable relationship must be severed.

At once Elizabeth left this unorthodox Chelsea *ménage*, though she remained on friendly terms, it seems, with Katharine. But that was not the end of the affair. Tragedy followed: for on Elizabeth's fourteenth birthday, Katharine died in giving birth to a girl. And soon afterwards Seymour was arrested, one of the charges against him being that he had attempted to marry Elizabeth without the Privy Council's consent.

Seymour was found guilty and executed, and Elizabeth was sent in disgrace to Hatfield, in the care of a Privy Council agent.

IN this ancient manor-house she pined—overwhelmed by shame rather than love or pity for Seymour—until she fell into a long illness. And she only emerged from her seclusion to ride into London beside her sister Mary when Mary became Queen in 1553. (It is said that on that day her girlish charm and freshness drew more eyes than the majesty of the older Mary.)

But soon came more trouble for Elizabeth. Mary's marriage to King Philip of Spain brought to the English throne too Catholic a taint for the liking of the Protestants, and an anti-Catholic rising, led by Thomas Wyatt and ruthlessly suppressed by Mary, called suspicion down on the young Princess, now back at Hatfield.

Peremptorily summoned to London by the Queen, Elizabeth feared for her life and became so ill that she could not face the journey. But Mary, determined to bring her to the capital, sent her own doctors and a train of twenty-nine Spanish mules to bear her back in a litter.

And thus the hapless Elizabeth, gravely sick, came by slow stages to Whitehall, a virtual prisoner of her sister.

From there she was taken by river—after vainly penning to Mary a long and eloquent plea of innocence in the Wyatt affair—to the dreaded Tower; and as her barge stopped at Traitor's Gate she exclaimed—so the tale goes: "Here lands as true a subject, being prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs!"

END

Antiques For The Home (*Continued from page* 49)

the price asked for a piece of furniture.

To forecast the price that certain pieces will fetch at an auction is a difficult task because so much depends upon circumstances at the time. If, for instance, the auction takes place in the country, far from the station on a wet day, the attendance will be small and the prices lower than if the day is fine. It is also a fact that if a buyer has set his heart on certain pieces at an auction, nothing will stop him. This applies, of course, to the finer collectors' pieces. The writer has been commissioned to buy at auctions with instructions to get the pieces whatever it might cost. On these occasions much higher prices have been reached than one might consider the object to be worth. But at ordinary auctions —what one might call "bread and cheese sales"—an experienced buyer can generally give a shrewd assessment of prices in advance.

END

This England . . .

Willy Lott's Cottage in the Constable country
(seen in the "Hay Wain," etc.)

"SOON ripe, soon rotten" is a scrap of country wisdom that does indeed apply to more than fruit. One sees the truth of it in many a man. John Constable, who immortalized a part of our English countryside, did his best work at near his fiftieth year — yet he was at his painting since a child. This slow maturing, like those Suffolk landscapes, is typically English — and you are thereby drawn to it. If, for example, you did not already know, you might guess that it is the patient, unhurried working to maturity that makes your Bass and Worthington such rich delights — to you as to the men of Constable's day.

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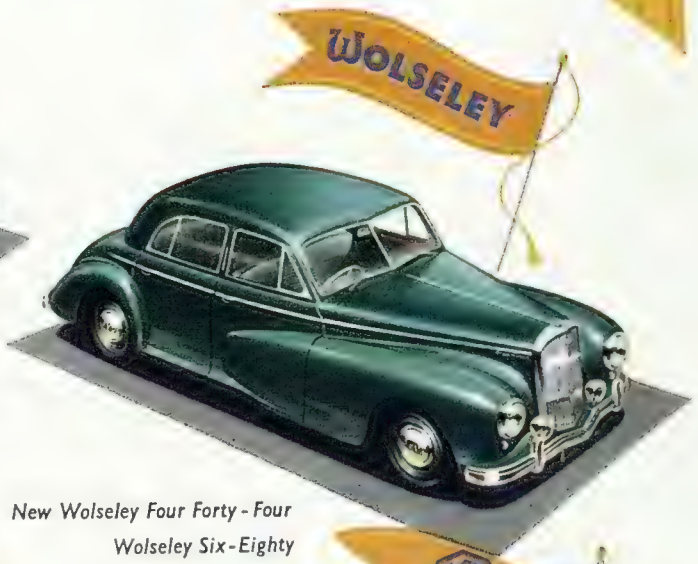

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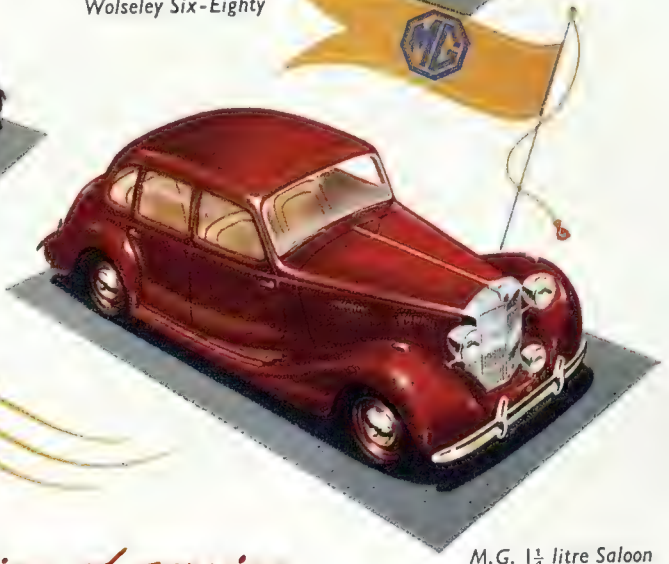

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THERE followed for Elizabeth two months' confinement in the Tower—dark, terrifying months in which she daily faced the horror of suffering her mother Anne Boleyn's fate of execution.

And once indeed she did nearly face the headsman—when Mary was ill and her Catholic Chancellor, fearful that Elizabeth might succeed if Mary died, sent off an order for her beheading, which (unsigned by Mary) the Constable of the Tower refused to accept.

After that Mary (who indeed had no wish to see her sister dead) sent Elizabeth to Woodstock; but still the girl was under suspicion for conspiracy. Allowed soon to return to Hatfield, she sent another plea of innocence to Mary and succeeded—with King Philip's help—in gaining a dramatic nocturnal audience with the Queen at Hampton Court.

Through the long galleries and the courtyards of the old palace, her way lit by guttering torches, Elizabeth was led into the presence of Mary, who sternly questioned her, trying to bring her to some confession of guilt.

But Elizabeth steadfastly proclaimed her innocence and loyalty. "I am and ever have been," she said, "your Majesty's faithful servant." Tragically unconvinced, the Queen turned away; and Elizabeth went back to Hatfield and seclusion.

Not much longer, however, was the young Princess to suffer the frustrations of this irksome, uncongenial banishment. Soon, on Mary's death, she was to blossom forth a queen, a true Tudor, far more the daughter of Harry, her bluff, much-married father, than ever Mary was.

And as she sat, proud and regal, in the Coronation Chair on that January day in 1559, the Queen whom Spenser was to hymn as Gloriana and Raleigh to compare with Diana and Venus was ushering in an age as colourful, as full of high adventure and rare achievement as any in England's history.

END

Curtains Going Up (*Continued from page 51*)

but it makes a world of difference to their look if you do. The lining supports the material, and gives a rounded effect to the drapes and folds.

From the street side, too, lined curtains prevent fading and are the outward and visible sign that you are keeping up with the Jones's. . . .

Measure and cut your fabrics, making two-inch turnings at each side. Tack. Make a double hem at the bottom, to take care of possible shrinkage, and mitre the corners.

Cut the lining about two inches narrower at the sides and two inches shorter than the curtain fabric. It will ultimately be attached at the sides and under the curtain tape at the top, but its hem should hang free to prevent bagging.

Place curtain and lining together, right sides facing, and join side seams. After you have turned and pressed them, there will be a two-inch strip of curtain fabric on either side of the lining. That's the way the professions do it.

MACHINE Rufflette curtain tape along the raw top edge of the fabric, turn the heading to the width you want, tack and press.

Now machine along the bottom of the curtain tape. Knot the drawcords at one end, and get the fullness you want by drawing the cords from the other end. Don't cut off the surplus cord, but tuck it into the heading. (This is because you will want to draw the curtains out flat for washing.)

Now, before committing yourself to the final hemming, give the curtains a last check against each other for length.

If you have chosen a loosely woven fabric, it is an idea to hang the curtains for a while with tacked hems, and finish them when they have dropped, as they usually will.

Style your curtains and choose your fabric to suit the character of the room. For a feminine bedroom, like the one illustrated, employ delicate sprigged chintzes, cubaleens and cretonnes, or remote, faded-like satins or taffetas.

The sitting-room, whether its theme is contemporary or it is furnished in the graceful manner produced by an adroit mixture of Regency and Victorian ideas and pieces, demands subtler, more sophisticated treatment and fabrics. Plain colours, possibly muted or sharp, edged with fringe, braiding or bobbles, in velours, velvet, satiny damasks, splashy floral everglazes, furnishing tweeds or crisp, modern printed linens.

Any kind of floral prints, of course, are always right for the dark-oak type of room, with a country-like air. But if you would like to break away from flowers and chintzes, there are some attractive sampler prints to provide an alternative. The rather naïve cross-stitch motifs can look most effective in an unsophisticated setting.

The important point is to relate the size of the fabric pattern to the dimensions of the window. Good proportion makes for an attractive and harmonious whole. For instance, if the window is small, the design on the fabric, whether it is in the contemporary or the traditional mood, must also be small—sprigs rather than bouquets, or small squiggles as against large on the modern print. A french window or tall elegant sash will take the large, bold patterns and look handsome for them. In doubt, of course, one can always fall back on plain fabrics, relying on clever trimming for interest or to pick out the architectural features of the window.

A successful valance must be twice the window width, and about six to nine inches deep. It's easy to fix one, taped like the curtain itself, on a valance rail with a special slide-on hook.

Estimate your pelmet depth according to window size and room height. One sixth or one eighth of window height is fairly standard; this is basic depth, which may extend at the sides and other points. Shallow pelmets add height to a room, deep pelmets diminish it.

For a heavy fabric, choose a plain, tailored pelmet. Regency swags and drapes will add charm to any room roughly termed the period type. Wooden pelmets painted to match the woodwork can be scalloped or carved into attractive lines, and left, just like that. If you're using a plain curtain fabric, it's nice to have a striped or patterned pelmet, and loop up the curtains with matching ties.

PELMETS are not difficult to make at home, and tackled in the right way can look completely professional.

You will probably have a little pelmet board fitted above your window, and the pelmet can be tacked to it. First cut a paper pattern of the shape, making sure it is wide enough to turn the corners of the board. Follow it exactly with pelmet buckram.

Cut out the fabric and lining, leaving about an inch all round for turnings. Damp the buckram slightly, and press the lining on one side of it with a hot iron. The buckram contains glue which melts beneath the iron and holds the lining beautifully. Repeat the operation on the other side of the buckram with the fabric itself. Turn in all edges, tack, and finally sew on your finish with light, loose stitches.

Lastly, the hang. Be certain that you have enough hooks or rings in your curtain tape; otherwise there'll be droopy gaps; curtains hang best of all from the proper runway already fitted with runners.

If, as a final gesture, you wish to feel truly luxurious, you might consider fitting your curtain runway with cord control, which will let you draw the curtains to and fro in one easy, effortless movement.

It is practical as well as grand, because it cuts out the continual hand pulling of the fabric, which must mean less soil, less wear and tear.

END

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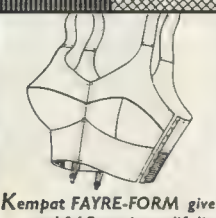

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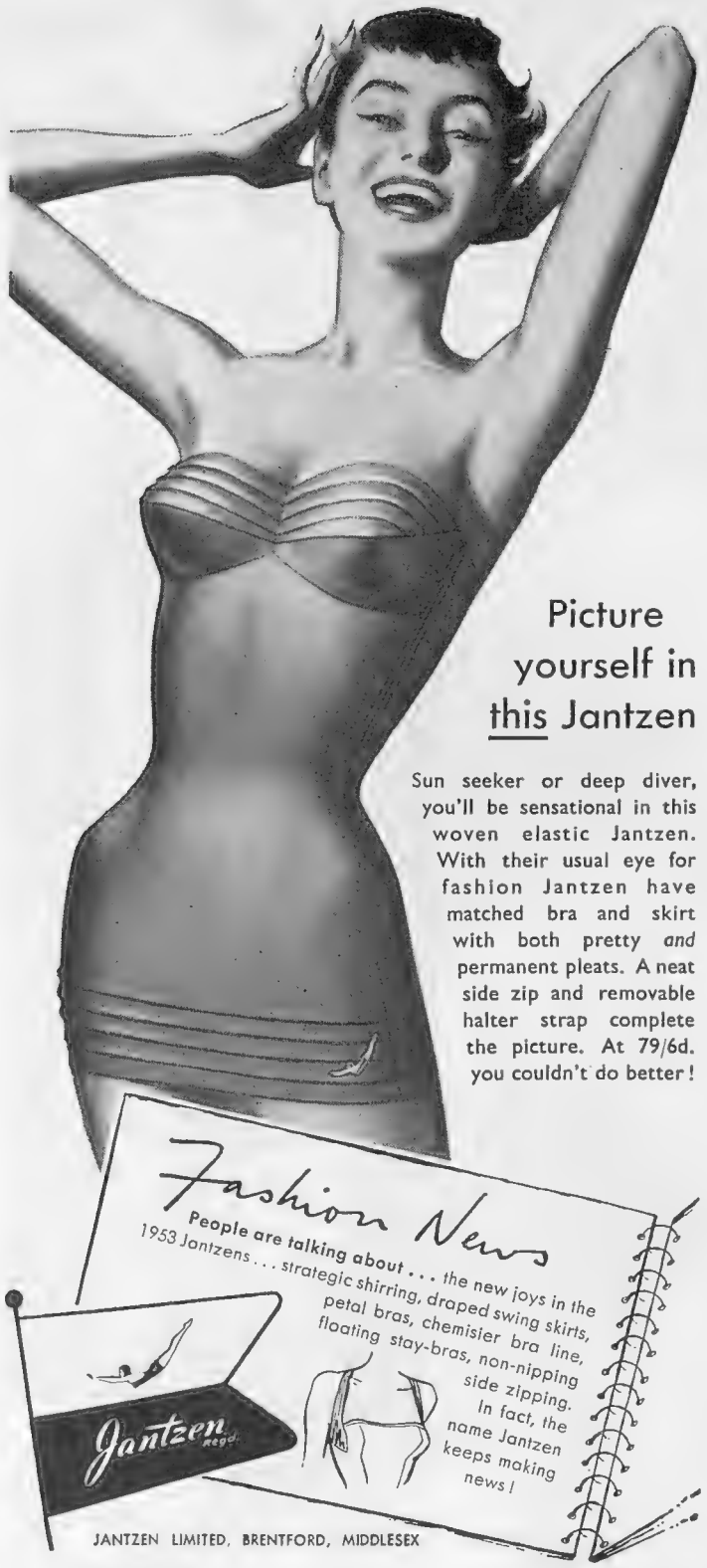
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Books (*Continued from page 40*)

THOMAS FIRBANK'S Welsh tour through **"A Country Of Memorable Honour"** (Harrap, 10s. 6d.) is to help us to understand the people, though nothing could be more fantastic than his view that "the English give the Welsh a half-contemptuous consideration such as the Australians bestow upon their aborigines, and the North Americans upon the Red Indians." Like most smaller peoples, the Welsh are less tolerant of the English than vice versa, and Mr. Firbank reflects this prejudice in an otherwise admirable interpretation of history, folklore, music, local industry and native character.

DUFF COOPER (Viscount Norwich) introduces **"British Prime Ministers"** (Wingate, 15s.), a collection of concise studies, from Sir Robert Walpole to Neville Chamberlain, reprinted from *History Today*. The various authors write with wise political judgment.

AS a writer of short stories Sir Osbert Sitwell is to be envied. He cares little for plot ; mostly, they are episodes, extended anecdotes, character sketches, like that of the old clock-winder, Mr. Snowberry, and the man who, as a boy, maddened Strindberg by ringing his doorbell and running away. But always in the thirty-three **"Collected Stories"** (Duckworth & Macmillan, 25s.) one finds that rare literary virtue, good writing, and backgrounds enriched by culture, especially Italian. Reading him at his best is like sipping a fine vintage wine.

JOSEPHINE BELL'S **"Cage-Birds"** (Methuen, 12s. 6d.) is tougher stuff—the story of two brothers who had been evacuated to the country in wartime. The London mother is a drunken slattern, part-time barmaid having an under-the-counter affair with her employer ; the gas-fitter father has his on-the-side intrigue, too ; the younger boy gets mixed up with black market crooks. In trying to help him, avenging his father's cruelty, and outliving a baffling love romance, the elder has a rough deal. But for a happy ending the reader would, too, in this very human tale of harsh conflict.

TWO women and a mansion are the dominating lures in the life of an ex-foundling in **"Headwind House"** (Boardman, 10s. 6d.) by Lady Sylvia Brooke, former Ranee of Sarawak. Martin marries the blind, ageing Carolyn because he covets the house ; he is unfaithful with farm-girl Mercilla, and gives her a son, because she fires him physically as Carolyn never can. But the house, even with a querulous, accusing wife is too strong for him. This is a vital study of consuming ambition, forthrightly written.

ANOTHER country story, forcefully told, is David Emerson's **"The Pride Of Parson Carnaby"** (Hurst & Blackett, 12s. 6d.) in which three of the characters prove to be implicated in the seventeen-year-old murder of the local lord of the manor. Without spoiling the mystery one can say that the parson, skilfully drawn, had a special motive in making *Thou shalt not kill* the text of his last sermon. . .

SIR PIERSON DIXON has been a classical don at Cambridge. A novel by him on the last nine years of the life of the poet Catullus will therefore be a scholarly, sensitive work. But in **"Farewell, Catullus"** (Hollis & Carter, 12s. 6d.) he makes his characters say things like : "These Romans are a cocky lot," "don't let them put it across you," "By God, I was hungry," "The colossal impudence of the bitch!" This may be the modern equivalent of Roman colloquial idiom, but it jars on me, spoiling the time-mood of a well-told story.

THERE are no such jolts in Flora Sandstrom's **"Within The Frosty Night"** (Barker, 15s.), a bionovel of Mary I, who was unhappy as child, queen and childless wife of Philip of Spain, a Tudor who encountered more thorn than rose. Miss Sandstrom presents her sympathetically, with convincing background.

TWO contrasting characters explain the title of Dennis Parry's **"Going Up—Going Down"** (Hale, 12s. 6d.): humbly born George Choyce, whose passion for maths lands him a statistician's job in a wartime Ministry, and Julia Tyndale, wealthy industrialist's daughter of stately Hauxby Hall. While the one goes up the social scale the other drops, and their inter-relationship gives full scope to Mr. Parry's gift for sound characterization on a broad 380-page canvas.

A JUDGE'S liaison with a beautiful sculptress as ardent as his wife is frigid reacts retributively on his family in Alec Coppel's **"The Last Parable"** (Barker, 10s. 6d.). The love scenes could be more subtly done.

"IT is a tragedy to see once-proud families advertising their family treasures at their gate for half a crown, like cinema proprietors," says the narrator in Madeleine Bingham's **"Look To The Rose"** (Museum Press, 10s. 6d.). It is a worse one when the poor cousin and companion of the noble chatelaine leaves journals behind revealing a secret Victorian love-tangle over the husband. These tell a touching period story of the skeleton-in-the-family-cupboard type.

A FURTHER Colonel North mission, this time to a forbidden buffer state between Tibet and Nepal, makes F. Van Wyck Mason's **"Himalayan Assignment"** (Hale, 10s. 6d.) a first-rate, robust yarn for men as well as women : a dual merit not so common in novels, these days! (*Continued on page 84*)

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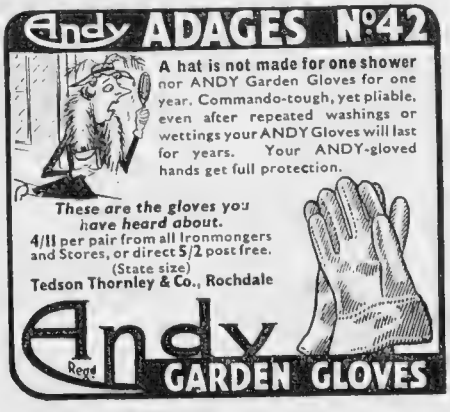
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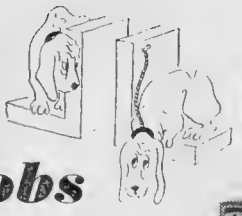

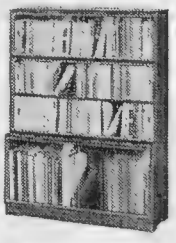

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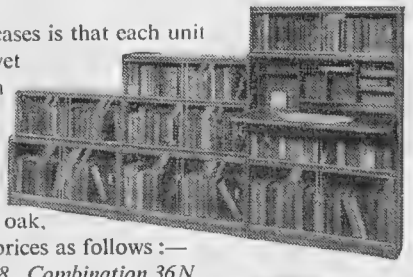

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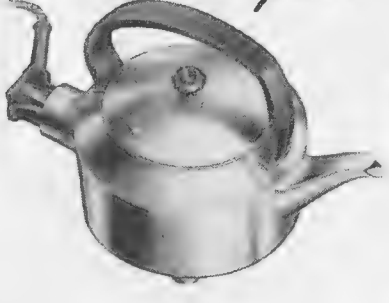

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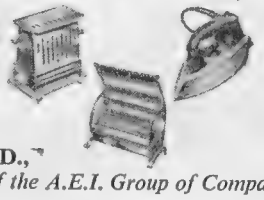

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Against this Bohemian and entertaining background Trevor Allen tells in his autobiography **"We Loved In Bohemia"** (Christopher Johnson, 12s. 6d.) of his first encounter at the Club with Faith, the impact of which caused a turning point in their lives.

With a fearless and unbiased frankness the author vividly portrays this tempestuous affair. For Faith was a woman of personality, and her fight for recognition in an unconventional love, her failure, and consequent resort to the discipline of an apparently uncompromising religion, finally shattered their relationship.

This story captures the atmosphere of that curious era—the twenties and thirties. C.H.

FICTION

"Diamond," by Dorothy Davies (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.). **"Bishop In Check,"** by Simon Rattray (Boardman, 10s. 6d.). **"Not In The Newspapers,"** by John Gloag (Cassell, 10s. 6d.). **"Genesis,"** by Keven Faller (Boardman, 9s. 6d.). **"The Forest Gods Sing,"** by J. Alan Rennie (Quality Press, 8s. 6d.). **"Mother Of Millions,"** by Dot Allan (Robert Hale, 9s. 6d.). **"Pretty, Witty, Nell!"** by Lozania Prole (Robert Hale, 9s. 6d.).

MISCELLANEOUS

"Your Holiday In Italy," by Gordon Cooper (Alvin Redman, 9s. 6d.). **"Your Holiday In France,"** by Gordon Cooper (Alvin Redman, 9s. 6d.). **"Your Holiday In Belgium, Holland And Luxembourg,"** by Gordon Cooper (Alvin Redman, 9s. 6d.). **"Spain And Portugal,"** edited by Doré Ogrizek (McGraw-Hill, 30s.). **"Normandy And Brittany,"** by Ralph Dutton (Batsford, 18s.). **"French Life And Landscape,"** by Alfred Firth (Vol. 2 : Southern France) (Elek, 18s.). **"The Child's World,"** by Phyllis Hostler (Ernest Benn, 10s. 6d.). **"Lady-In-Chief,"** by Cecil Woodham-Smith (Methuen, 10s. 6d.). **"The Crowning Of The Sovereign,"** by Jocelyn Perkins (Methuen, 10s. 6d.). **"The New Elizabethans,"** by Philip Gibbs (Hutchinson, 15s.). **"Trace Your Ancestors,"** by L. G. Pine (Evans, 8s. 6d.).

END

"Bearded Like The Pard"

(*Continued from page 50*)

between Karl Marx and that infamous character, Jack the Ripper.

In the time of Henry I of England, the outspoken Bishop Serle compared the whiskered courtiers to "filthy goats and bristly Saracens." Most people now would applaud that statement. Yet most of our sovereigns, until the polite and spruce eighteenth century, were unshaven men. Henry VIII and Charles I, Edward VII and George V, all sported beards to the delight of their subjects. Most of the great literary men of the Victorian age, like Dickens and Tennyson, never held a razor in their hands, while Bernard Shaw and Sir Thomas Beecham have carried on the tradition into this century. As far as I know, groups of dirty children never followed *them* along dingy streets making *neeeaaagh* noises like a herd of goats, as they did to me.

WHEN questioned, no woman can explain just why she has this instinctive prejudice against the beard. When they get used to it, they learn to love it. The wife of a friend of mine got so fond of his beard that she used to be continually plaiting it and decorating it with ribbons until he shaved it off in self defence. Most women just feel obscurely that the beard-wearer is naturally lazy and unwashed, unpunctual and subversive, and probably effeminate.

Take this business of cleanliness. My beard was thick, soft and untrimmed. Every morning when I washed my face, I automatically washed my beard. Then it had to be rinsed in clean water to get the soap out and dried with a warm towel. This operation took much longer than shaving, and was just as much trouble as shampooing a head of short hair. Yet how many of the women, who shrank from me in the Tube as though I were a leper, washed *their* hair twice a day?

Personally I admit to believing that punctuality is the thief of time. But that has nothing to do with the luxuriant aureole of red-brown hair which used to fringe my chin. There are probably more beards at the B.B.C. than anywhere. Yet few people have to work to such exact seconds and count the time so carefully as these hairy radio producers and engineers.

The snobbery about beards, like that about accents, is curiously illogical. An Irish or a Scottish accent is considered charming and educated while that of a Cockney or a Geordie is thought to be crude and uneducated. In the just the same way, a bearded man in corduroys and a duffle coat is supposed to be irresponsible and eccentric, while the same man dressed as a submarine commander would be universally admired.

(*Continued on page 86*)

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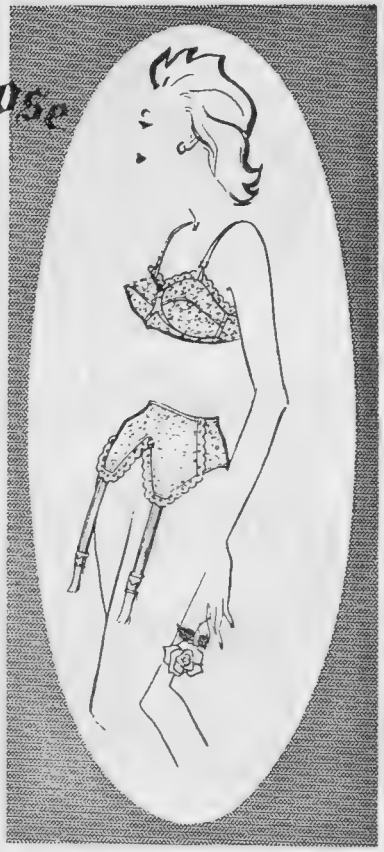

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DRY SKIN?

This is the answer

"Bearded Like The Pard"

THERE is no agreed definition of subversity. In Borneo, the tribesman who thought head-hunting an unpleasant pastime would be imprisoned as a revolutionary agitator by his neighbours, just as the husband with only one wife in Saudi Arabia would be expelled from camel drivers' club. In England the man who defies convention by growing hair on his face has to have a certain strength of mind. Sometimes, after a particularly bitter day, when everybody treated me as though I had my pockets filled with Camembert, I would be almost afraid to go out alone. Then I would work myself up into a fury and decide to really give the neighbours their moneysworth. I would part my beard in the middle, wax my moustaches, and dress myself in yellow linen slacks, sandals, a scarlet cummerbund, a black shirt and green fur felt hat. I would walk through Harrods humming the Red Flag and tell strangers in bars that I grew my beard to cover an awful disease I caught in Dartmoor Prison.

I suspect that many bearded men are forced into such outrageous nonconformity just because everybody expects it of them. Part of the trouble I think, is due to the association of the beard with the comic paper anarchist, with red eyes and snowy boots, and a bomb fizzing in his suit case. In fact, the real Communist today wears a lounge suit, horn rimmed spectacles and carries a silk umbrella. The only one with a beard I ever knew was called before his district committee and ordered to shave it off. They said it was a bourgeois deviation and unworthy of a good proletarian. He is now a stock-broker.

One of the most widespread *canards* about my whiskered friends is that they are effeminate and unmanly. As far as I know there isn't anything very feminine about bearded *women*, and they aren't particularly sought after, except by fairground proprietors. And certainly the hairy polygamists of the Middle East who have made a life's study of this subject always pick men with hairless faces as the safest creatures to guard a harem or wait upon a flighty sultana. Every one of those prolific prophets and warriors in the Bible, who are continually begetting and begatting, wore a beard too. When the heathens cut off the beards of David's ambassadors, in order to save their faces he sent them his famous diplomatic telegram saying, "Tarry at Jericho until your beards be grown." As for me, as I explained last month, I am the father of twins.

ONE of the most irritating things about a beard is that as soon as you grow it you become anonymous. No one bothers to notice what colour your eyes are, whether you are wearing a sports jacket or a boiler suit, whether your nose is enormous or concave. You are just the man with the beard and presumably unmistakable like a man with two heads. When I shaved mine off I looked so different that I was re-introduced to recent friends as a new person and heard some rather startling home truths about myself.

But what a relief it was! I felt like a film star who has escaped from his howling fans into a remote village. Once more I could enter a room without the conversation dying on everyone's lips and being replaced by a hostile and watchful silence. It was almost like becoming invisible.

I enjoyed my beard though, despite everything, when I had it. It was magnificent to be able to cow head waiters by simply staring at them from behind the impenetrable undergrowth. In the coldest winter, I seemed wrapped in warm wool and impervious to fog. It was delightful to watch the astonishment and unbelief of loungers on the beach at the seaside when they saw this hair-fringed disembodied head float by them.

I think every man with an ounce of adventure in him ought to try the experience of growing a beard some time in his life. It moves you immediately into a new world which may be rather wearing, but is never dull.

END

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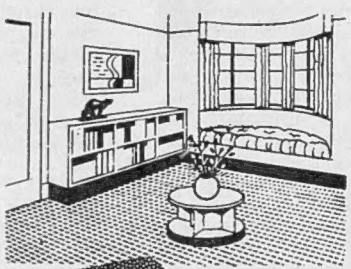

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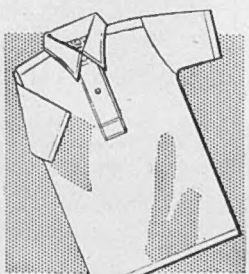

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CI8

Service

(Continued from page 43)

into the arms of the manager and the engineer and half the hotel staff and some of the residents. The situation wasn't any bed of roses either way but it was going to be just too bad if the old lady was dead. I began to feel very concerned about Lady Singleton.

It was an hour and a half before they got the lift to move. I spent the first forty-five minutes on my knees in a muck sweat trying to revive her. After that she opened her eyes but it was another ten minutes before she could sit up.

I was explaining how she'd tripped and fallen backwards when suddenly a spark seemed to come into her eye and she said, "Young man, you coshed me."

She thought about it a bit and then she asked what was happening to the lift. I told her. She thought a bit more and then she said, "Were you going to rob me and leave me in the lift?" I didn't say anything, so she said, "too bad the lift stuck. What are you going to say to the manager?"

I didn't answer that, either. She said, "If you write down what I tell you, I'll get you out of it. Will you?"

I said, "Of course. Anything you say."

SHE reached for her handbag on the floor and fidgeted in it till she found an envelope and a pen. She ripped open the envelope at the corners and spread it out for me to write on. We were both sitting on the floor now and she gave me her tiara box for a writing surface. Then she dictated:

"I have just made an attempt on Lady Singleton's life. . . ."

"Wait a minute," I said.

"I've told you I'll get you out if you write this letter—but of course, if you'd rather I just gave you in charge to the hotel manager. . . ."

"Go on," I said, starting to write.

"I didn't kill her," she went on, "but I shall try again. If anything happens to her catch me if you can. Now sign."

In the end I signed.

She folded it up and sealed it with a bit of stamp paper. It didn't look very safe.

The lift began to move.

THE manager nearly cried when he saw her intact. He'd been calling her name up the shaft for the last twenty minutes. She waved him aside and stepped out on my arm.

She said, "Please don't apologize, Mr. Connibeare. I was very well looked after by this young porter of yours. He brought me out of a faint." She put the letter in the manager's hands. "I want you to keep this in your safe for me. Don't open it unless something should happen to me, but if anything does happen to me, open it immediately. Thank you. I don't think I'll trust the lift again tonight. This young man has offered to see me up to my room and take Pugsie out for his run. So kind of him. . . ."

We went upstairs. On the way she put the tiara box in my hands.

"This is a chop for Pugsie's supper—some little treat I always save him from my own meal. Tonight you shall give it him yourself before you take him for his run so that he can realize you're his friend and that you're going to look after us both always in the future. Such nasty stories one sometimes reads about things happening to lonely old ladies and their dogs. I'm sure nothing like that will ever happen to us."

And of course nothing has.

END

The Fiery Herald

(Continued from page 25)

letter combinations. The stations on this line were the Admiralty (London), Chelsea, Putney Heath, Cabbage Hill (west of Epsom), Netley Heath (above Shere and Gomshall), Hascombe, Blackdown, Beacon Hill (above Elstead and Harting), Portsdown and Portsmouth.

Between times, the system was used to broadcast the Greenwich time signal. Transmission, plus acknowldgement, over seventy-two miles, were effected in a little over half a minute. Old beacon sites at intervals linked London with other important points, and thus formed a chain of relay stations which covered the greater part of England. The name "Telegraph Hill," up and down the country, usually indicates the positions of these old shutter stations. When fog or haze obstructed the service mounted men were held ready to rush the signal between stations where it was invisible. Set up in 1796, the shutter method was replaced in 1820 by semaphore arms, which in turn gave place to the electric telegraph. Portsmouth took down its last message to arrive by semaphore on December 31, 1847.

LATTERLY the less-known beacon sites have been increasingly verified for traditional revivals of beacon firing at the Jubilee of Queen Victoria, the Silver Jubilee of George V, and now again for the crowning of Elizabeth II. A few of the ancient heights glow more often. For example, Inkpen has been furnished with a cresset, or fire-basket, which is set going "on special occasions." The cresset (from an old word meaning grease) replaced the old brushwood beacon fire, and was an iron basket filled with tow and faggots saturated with pitch. It was set at the top of a twenty-foot pole and reached by a stout oak ladder.

There were also beacons which were maintained by some churches, though these filled a different rôle. Their purpose was to honour some dead person, point the way to a place of worship, or serve as a landmark. The Fiery Cross of Scotland had, however, an office similar to that of the English beacon. Much of the romance of the Scottish Highlands died when the last Fiery Cross was sent out in 1746. The cross would be made quite simply with two sticks, the ends of which had been burned in fire, then dipped in goat's blood. In emergencies two runners of a clan were each given a cross and sent out through the countryside to cry the clan slogan and a meeting-place. At each village the crosses were seized by fresh couriers until the whole clan had been rallied, and every fit male had reported to his chieftain. The penalty for non-compliance was death.

SCOTLAND also had the beacon fire, but usually, as one might expect, its use was to warn of an English invasion. One fire on the hills signalled the sighting of a mere raiding party. Two beacons signified an approach in fair force. Four fires were warning of an assault that gave promise of a major operation. But occasionally some advance elements from the Sassenach raiders would creep up under cover of darkness, surprise the guards of the key beacon, overcome them, and prevent the vital signal from being given.

Many, too, of these and other Scottish beacons will blaze again in June. A giant fire on the summit of Craighuie, which overlooks Balmoral, will start a chain that is to stretch the length of the Dee Valley. But the mammoth revival is likely to be the bonfire that will break out on the top of Ben Nevis, which last glowed at Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897. Fodder for this was carried up the long mountain track by a human chain who first made dumps at various points, then progressively moved them to the summit of Britain's highest peak (4,406 feet). Viewers ought to be able to see the blaze from any point in a rough line from the North Sea to the Atlantic Ocean.

END

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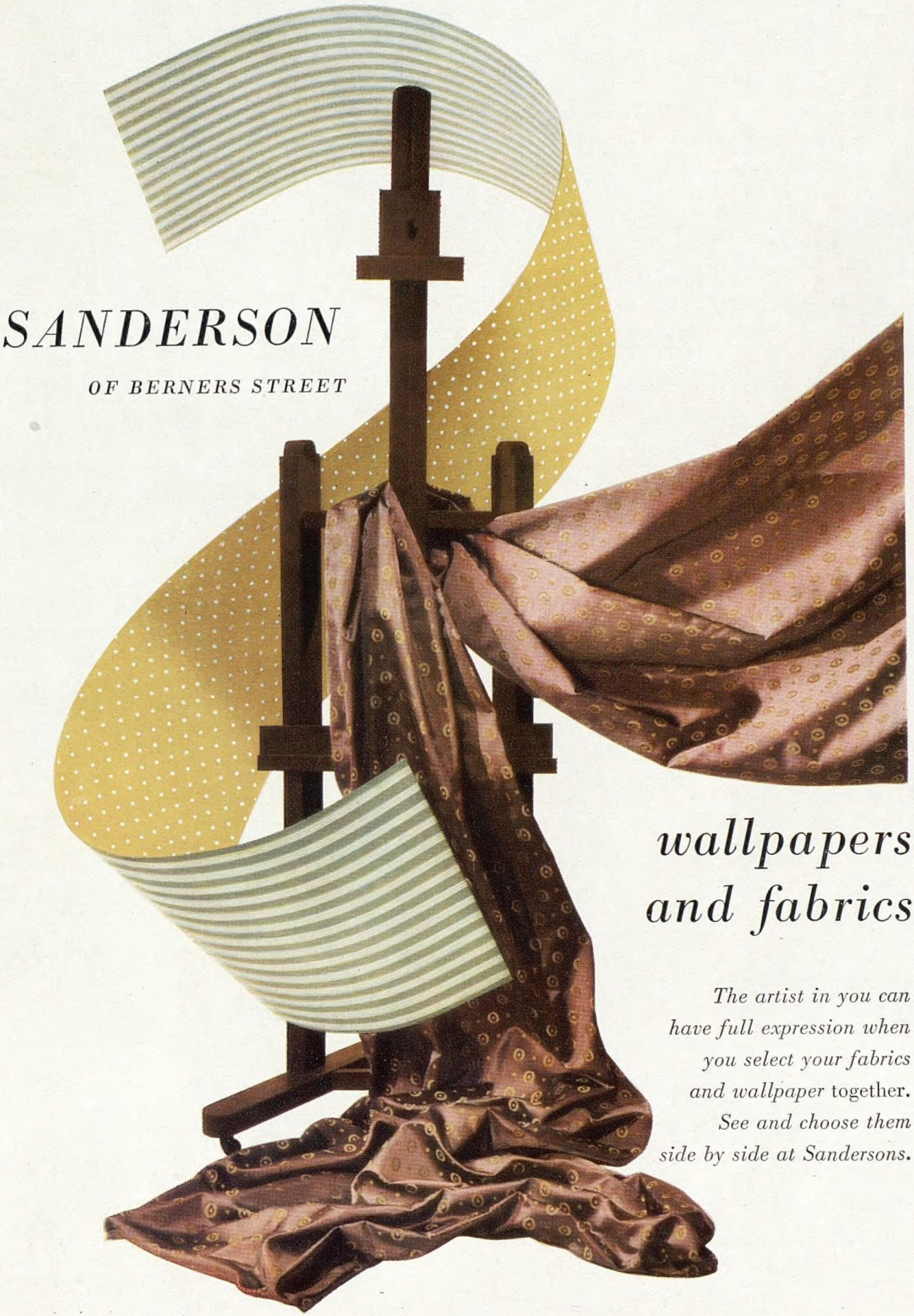

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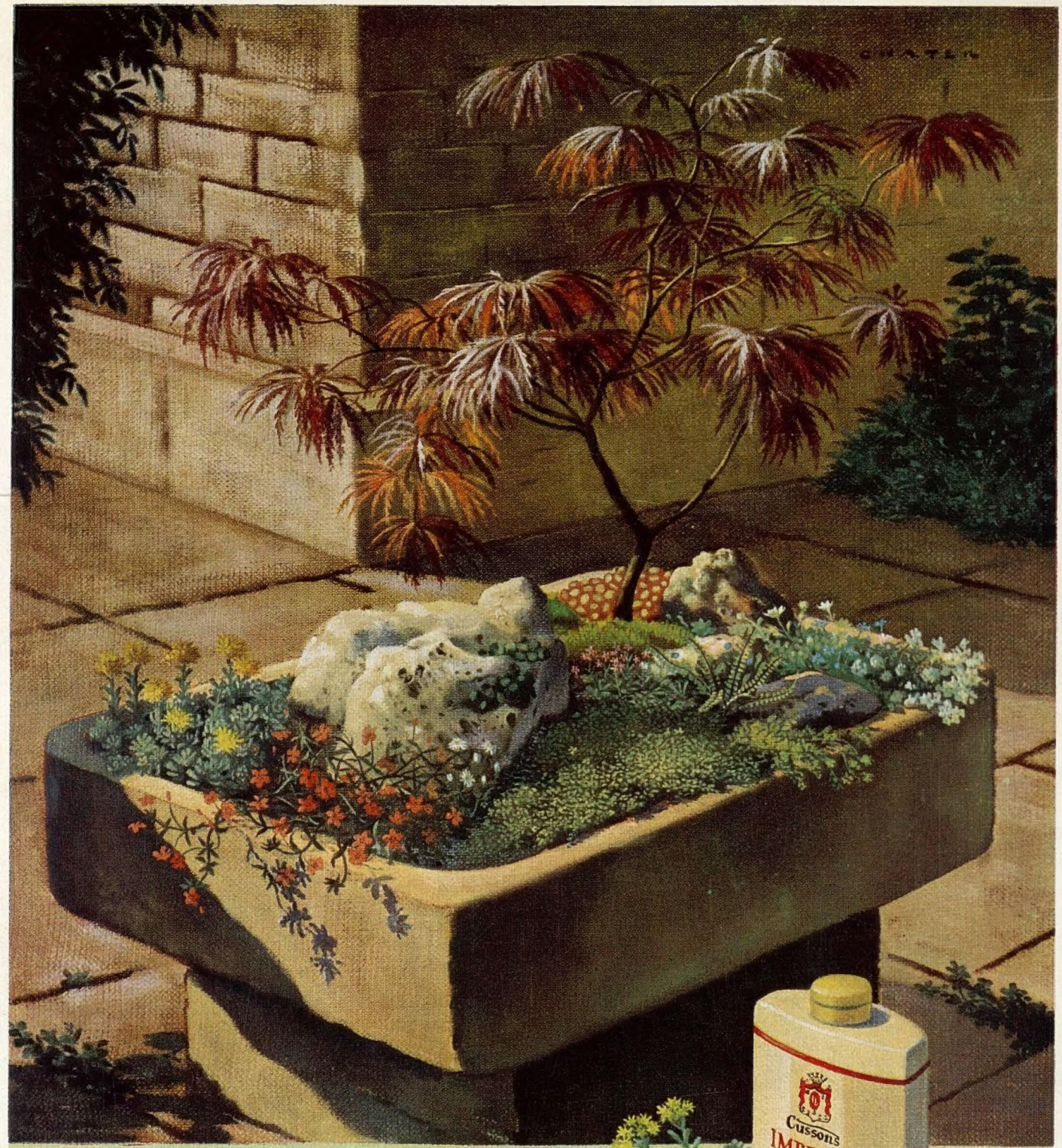

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